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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1888.

REVIEWS

Peloponnesus: Notes of Study and Travel. By William George Clark, M.A. (Parker & Son.)

ONCE a year England returns to something like Paganism. With the thermometer above summer heat, it is impossible to care as much as we ought to do about the interests of the world, or the state of trade, or the price of cotton, or the war in China, or the best form of Indian Government. It is uncomfortable to argue, it is too hot to speculate. We avoid the forum, we are averse to standing on staircases. There is a presence which disturbs all political, legal, and commercial thoughts,—a presence entirely remote from railways and telegrams, from opinions of counsel and the last City quotations,—a sense of something that is not found in the clubs or the Parks or the museums, and is far more pleasantly interfused than the Serpentine or Thames water. Its dwelling may be under Snowden or Skiddaw,—it may present itself under the form of a remarkable sea-anemone or a solar eclipse,—it may be something visible from Capri or in the Bay of Baie,—it may be a cave in Staffa or a shieling on Loch Awe,—it may be an afternoon study near Seville or a midnight lighting up of one of the Fjords,—or it may take a classical, geographical, and architectural shape, lead us on a long equestrian ride over silent limestone hills, under clumps of arbutus and ilex. In this case we shall examine the topography of historical plains, pass by rocks covered with broken inscriptions, now and then halt at a ruined tomb or a little sea-side chapel, cross the pavement of an ancient causeway, or brush the flowers of an arch half buried in the soil. At a sudden bend of the staircase-like road we shall rein up instinctively to recreate our eyes with a fair reach of blue land-locked sea that comes curving round the base of famous hills. We shall wind in and out and make a clatter over the stones of tortuous streets and vacant cities, now shrunk to petty villages. Everywhere Time will mock us. There, if we can find it, is the rocky slope where a Persian king reviewed and wept over his painted ships and tawdry battalions, and yet these merry and irreverent waves rolling up the bay have forgotten all the story. On that slope Epaminondas died,—there lies Nestor's city,—and in those quiet vales Xenophon farmed and hunted, and brought up virtuous children. Here we note crumbling castle walls built of blue-veined marble, and below us on the beach a block of a Doric column, encrusted with shells and fringed with sea-weed. Who could imagine that the long desolate area, filled with fragments of pottery, and overgrown with tufts of wild thyme, was once the Isthmian race-course?—or that you thicket of blooming oleander covers a terrible battle-field? Our path is full of disillusion. Those are "sandy Ladon's lilyed banks"; but the lilies appear to be only asphodels, and the asphodel is only a form of squills. Here are convents where we stop to rest that turn out to be nothing but the remains of Pagan temples,—dwellings of heroic dukes that do duty as unfurnished Khans. There is very little loveliness in Arcadian scenery,—the islands of Greece are only bare limestone crags,—Lernaean hydras are only insignificant yellow and black water-snakes,—the imperial capital of Agamemnon is but "a little nest on a ledge of barren rock,"—Corinth and Megara, Mantinea, and Sparta, are only heaps of ruins or bare villages,—and the Laconians of the present day, busy with their corn and wood and somewhat

primitive husbandry, seem to have had good reason to shrug their shoulders and ask the couple of Franks they saw wandering among their hills, "what was their country and their business?"—meaning "what a couple of idiots those men are to have come no one knows how far, to see Kastania, and to be riding about the hills at this time of day without a guide!"

The traveller from whose attractive volume we have extracted this classical way-bill is a scholar who holds distinguished rank in the University of Cambridge, and whose literary acquirements have already won him favour with the public. He writes like one who has considered well in his mind the area he is about to traverse,—is familiar with the history, art, language, the poetry of the Greek people,—can appreciate, yet not be seduced by, their legends,—can discern natural beauty, but in portraying it never wastes description or sentiment,—is not led away by the fancies of Phil-Hellenist poets and travellers,—sees and examines carefully with his own eyes, and by the light of a pocket Æschylus or Thucydides or Pausanias, any ancient site or inclosure,—makes a literal, geological, architectural, and political survey,—photographs the red and green rain-stains on the calcareous hills, the aspect of the common wayside flowers, the customs and salutations of the country people,—conducts us along famous glens and up the acclivity of poetical hills, whence he points out actual seas and rivers and islands,—but never on any occasion is reminded of well-known passages from Byron,—pauses now and then, as a scholar cannot help pausing, when he comes to Ægaleos, or to Mycenæ, or to Corinth, where he paces the silent stadium,—or along the road from Megara, which is called "the evil stair," where, finding only a narrow Alpine way, and arguing from certain wheel-marks in the rocks, he asks how "the Seven against Thebes" passed from Argolis to Boeotia,—or, which is a knotty question, how the mainlanders who entered their chariots for games held in the peninsula, or *vice versa*, were able to get them thither?—were the horses and chariots sent by sea like Hiero's, or transported as so much baggage on the backs of pack-horses? In fact, from Eleusis to Pylus, from Cithæron to Taygetus, the mainland of Greece, with all its memorable fields and towns now lying in inglorious waste, is distinctly and archaeologically set before us.

The first chapter is introductory, opening with an interrogation of an ancient Greek trader, who has travelled with a load of British tin in thirty days to busy Marseilles. Thence, in a few pages, we catch sight of the red cliffs of Melos and arrive at Syra. The little town, a jumble of old and new style, is keeping festival, and our scholar roaming about is amused at the grotesque contrasts. There are Albanians in white kilts, islanders in white trousers, grave Turks and fussy Europeans. There are quaint Greek signs over the shops, and a perplexing currency in drachmas. In the Panto-poleion, or general store, Epaminondas, the owner, is alternating with a skipper from Hull,—and the author presents his classical readers with an example of a Greek bill at the Elysia, where the party regaled for a drachma, or 84d., on coffee, rosolio and hobble-bobble, or narghilés! During the four days which elapse before the arrival of the steamboat there is ample opportunity to consider the respectability of ancient Mediterranean privateering, in which the author defends Homer from serious imputation brought against him by Col. Mure. Homer never jokes. When he makes Nestor ask Telemachus, and the Cyclops ask Ulysses,

"if they are pirates?" he only means that piracy in the Mediterranean at that period was considered as respectable as it appears to be at present in some other parts of the world. The island itself Mr. Clarke is disinclined to consider as the Homeric "Syrie," having few and scanty valleys, the soil being thin and strong, and the requisite conditions for Homer's "herds and flocks, abundant vines and plenteous wheat," being wanting. From a hill above Syra, Mr. Clark looks down and disturbs our poetical ideal of the Cyclades. They are nothing but masses of limestone and granite set in a circle of cobalt blue, fair when the sun shines on them, but somewhat cold and desolate. "Embowered," as Kents call them, they are not; there is not the least vestige of an olive or a laurel, or a beech from which to weave a poetical bower. Then to the right lies Delos, and by it Rhenea, that Polycrates once tied together with a chain, and Nicias bridged over in a single night in order to surprise Apollo.

Then to the north-east is Tenos, with its villages and white houses among the vineyards and jagged peaks of red granite, northward the rock of Andros, and east of that the Norfolk Island of the Romans,—the narrow rock of uninviting Gyáros, which Virgil never could have visited, and the Ceos, and Cythnos, little Seriphos, and last, of Paros, famous for its marble, and picturesque Naxos. At the Piræus our traveller is welcomed with the classical salutation, "I say, Johnnie, vore good boat." He enters Athens at an Aristophaic juncture. The Custom-House official is accused of burning down the Custom-House—the reason alleged being his inability to balance the public accounts.

Having hired a dragoman and a cook at Athens, Mr. Clark sets out in company with a couple of countrymen and an American. Alexander the dragoman, in white kilt and crimson jacket, leads the way. In advance culinary and baggage horses, three agoyats on foot—Eleutherius, Pericles, and Alcibiades,—and so the cavalcade crosses the Cephissus. Along the Eleusian Plain, by Ægaleos and Corydallus, which Mr. Clark places within the Athenian plain, to Eleusis and Megara. The houses of Megara are, as in Pausanias's time, built of "conchite" stone. Turning along the Isthmian road, we come to the village of Kinetá, where Col. Leake places Crommyon. A thick underwood hides the shore, and the landscape is singularly beautiful.—

"All the hill-side was starred thick with the white and lilac flowers of the sage-leaved cistus and hoary with grey thyme; and further off, where the eye could no longer distinguish the separate flowers, it presented a strange glossy surface, like a lawn covered with a veil of silver tissue. Above the silvery slope a wood of light-green, round-topped pines shone yellowing in the sunlight, mixed with plots of flowering gorse. The air was filled with the fragrance of the thyme, as our horses trampled and cropped it. At half-past eleven we came to a halt at Agios Theodoros, a solitary little chapel by the seaside. We bathed while Constantine lighted his fire and Alexander spread our table under the shade of a lentisk, that abundant shrub which occasionally, as here, grows into a tree. In the wall of the little chapel is an inscription, of which this is a translation:—'I, Philostrata, am gone to the sources of my being, leaving the bond wherewith nature bound me; for, after completing my fourteenth year, in the fifteenth I left the body, a virgin, childless, unwedded. Whosoever hath a love of life, let him grow to old age unenvied.'"

A ride of two hours brings us to the celebrated sanctuary of Poseidon and the Isthmian stadium.—

"The stadium occupies a dell between two spurs of a hill south of the Hierum. The cheimarrus, or

winter-torrent, which had formed the dell, was diverted, or else carried underground, to the outlets just mentioned. It has now resumed its natural course, and broken through the semi-circular end of the stadium. Not a vestige remains of the seats of white marble which Pausanias mentions as 'worth seeing.' Its area is filled with fragments of pottery, and overgrown with tufts of wild thyme, lentisk, and sage. The unbroken stillness of the desert now prevails from day to day, from year to year, in the spot which for so many ages, at each recurring festival, rang to the shouts of the eager crowd that thronged its marble steps. This stadium, however, has an especial claim upon our regard, more than the sentimental interest which attaches to all such sites. It was in the mind of St. Paul when he wrote to the Corinthians—"Know ye not that they which run in a stadium, run all, but one receiveth the prize?" and, continuing the allusion, he assumes their familiarity with the careful and laborious training of the athletes. "Now he that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. They do it to obtain a corruptible crown"—the crown of pine, taken, doubtless, from the sacred trees within the Hierum—"but we an incorruptible. So run that ye may obtain." About 150 yards west of the Hierum are the remains of the theatre, consisting of rough stones, mortar, and a mass of small pebbles. It was faced with marble, like the stadium. Spon, who visited the spot in 1676, speaks of 'les beaux restes d'un théâtre de pierre blanche,' but neither he nor his companion Wheler mentions the stadium. Pausanias, when he speaks of 'white stone,' always means 'marble.' Now, as Mr. Spon is by no means to be implicitly trusted, it may be doubted whether he really records what he saw or merely mis-translates and misunderstands what Pausanias saw. On the high ground above the theatre are several fragments of white marble, and some large wrought stones. About 200 yards beyond the theatre, to the westward, is the bed of a torrent, narrow and deep. Descending here by chance through some thick brushwood, I found a bridge not mentioned by any traveller, and unknown to our guide. The torrent being nearly dry, I was able to pass through the arch and measure it. An arch it unquestionably is. It has been repaired and elongated towards the south, apparently in Roman times, as mortar is there used; but the older part has no mortar, and has all the characteristics of the best times of Hellenic masonry. The arch is about 4 feet wide, 6 feet high, and 27 feet long. The stones of which it is composed are of great size—some of them 6 feet in length. A little lower down, the stream finds its outlet into the ravine by a natural chasm, into which I made my way without much difficulty. Above the bridge are the remains of a tower, built of unwrought stones and mortar; there are also traces of late walls at intervals, from this place to the upper end of the stadium. From this I infer that the fortress, comprising at first only the Hierum, was at a later period enlarged, so that the right bank of the torrent and the northern side of the stadium formed parts of its exterior defences. To return to my narrative. Yielding at last to the impatience of our guide, we left the ruins at half-past five, and soon came to a smooth expanse of ground (perhaps the very site of the ancient Hippodrome) which suggested the idea of a race; and a small *Pinus maritima* close to the goal furnished a crown for the head of the victor,—or, in literal fact, a sprig for his hat. Soon after, in the twilight, we passed the great quarries out of which Corinth was built. It was dark when we reached our journey's end."

Leaving Corinth,—where the people come out to hand "frumenty," boiled wheat, to the travellers (a local custom on the occasion of a death),—the riders reach the edge of a table-land, and look down upon "deep plained," "well-watered Nemea." To the west are the mountains of Arcadia,—and there above is old Phlius, not "shady" but "bare of shade."

The Plain of Argos is next described—Mycenæ—and the scene of Æschylus's 'Agamemnon.' The underground "treasuries," as they are called, Mr. Clark takes to be palatial

tombs. The lately-discovered Herseum at Argos and the remains in the city disappoint the traveller. Here is his account:—

"Some shelves in a little room contained the whole—a few small fragments. There was one beautiful female head with the hair in a band and gathered in a knot behind, and also some feet and hands in marble. There was a fragment of a frieze with the honeysuckle ornament painted pale yellow on a black ground, with red in the centre. There was also a lion's head with open mouth, which must have been a gurgyle, and a piece of moulding of which the ornament represented a buckle and tongue. I do not know the architectural name. There was also a fragment of inscription in apparently ancient letters, ΠΟΞΑΥΑΑ ΕΗΘΙΚΙ, which I give here for the benefit of those persons to whom an inscription is interesting in inverse proportion to its completeness."

Here is a picture of modern Argos on a market-day:—

"Country people had brought in baskets filled with onions, leeks, chicory, water-cresses and other Lenten fare; and the townspeople tempted them in return with a display of wearing-apparel, from fez-cap to slipper, with calicoes (probably) from Manchester, knives (possibly) from Sheffield, and white umbrellas, at two drachmas a-piece, also warranted English manufacture. The town is to all appearance the most genuinely prosperous of any town in Greece. The houses are all built in a rough-and-ready fashion, with neither dressed stones, nor rough-cast, nor stucco—for use and not for show. One might suppose, too, that the settlers had been so busy building roofs for their heads that they had had no time to provide the luxuries of paving and draining. And this is about the truth. The ancient name of Argos is usurped by an upstart younger than many a Brownville or Smithville in the United States. We reached at length a large open space, which our exegetes, in default of ancient legend, made the scene of a modern cock-and-bull story. Here, he said, the French, when they occupied Argos, massacred I know not how many children as they were coming from school. This is not the only instance which has led me to conclude that the modern Greeks are at least as 'daring in history' as their brave ancestors. In this space are some Roman ruins incapable of identification—being, perhaps, remains of buildings subsequent to the time of Pausanias—and not far off the only important relic of ancient Argos, the rock-hewn seats which formed the centre of the theatre. 'Its two ends were formed of large masses of rude stones and mortar, faced with regular masonry: these are now mere shapeless heaps of rubbish. The excavated part of the theatre preserves the remains of sixty-seven rows of seats, in three divisions, separated by diazomata: in the upper division are nineteen rows, in the middle sixteen, and in the lower thirty-two, and there may, perhaps, be some more at the bottom concealed under the earth.'"

The Argive plain is green with crops of cotton and tobacco, and bounded by jagged mountain ranges. Rowing and sailing from Nauplia, we arrive at the Lemnæan marsh. The circumference of the lake is about 37 yards. About its edges are "grass and reeds," that is, "yellow iris and wild celery." The features of the marsh and lake are unchanged. There is not a vestige of a temple, or a grove, or a statue; but our travellers bear evidence to the vitality of the old traditions.—

"Pausanias, who visited this spot seventeen hundred years ago, writes:—'I saw a fountain, called that of Amphiarus, and the Alcyonian lake, through which the Argives say Dionysus went to Hades to bring up Semele. And there is no end to the depth of this lake; and no man that I know of has ever been able by any device to reach the bottom, for even Nero, though he had ropes made of many stades in length, and tied them together and hung lead to the end of them and whatever else was useful for the attempt, even he could not find any limit to the depth.' As, in default of other apparatus for comparing the profundity of the

Alcyonian pool with that of Pausanias's credulity, we were throwing pebbles into it, a peasant digging in a garden close by, who informed us that he was also a priest, came up and volunteered the statement that the pool had no bottom, for that once a man sounded it with a line of seventy-seven fathoms, and found none. There can be no doubt, at all events, of the identity of the lake."

A concert of Stymphalian frogs and the lugubrious music of a Greek church delay the wayfarer until he arrives at the border of Arcadia,—one of the most charming pictures of the book.—

"It was a day of cloudless sunshine. Young as the year was, the heat in the town had been excessive. About noon the thermometer marked 82° on the shady side of the street. But, as we rounded the north-eastern shoulder of the hill and pursued our way up the valley of the Charadrus, fresh breezes from Arcadia met us, and headache and lassitude departed at their bidding. The only remains of antiquity which we saw were, first, an aqueduct of Roman or Byzantine construction, appearing at intervals in ruined fragments along the hill-side to the left, and from its direction manifestly intended to carry some mountain-stream to Argos; and, secondly, further on to the right, a square tower, apparently Hellenic, built probably for an outpost to watch and defend the pass. The scenery grew wilder and the air fresher as we went on. Instead of bare ground, patched with cistus and thyme, we found closer and greener herbage; and stunted shrubs gave place to copse and thicket as our path, now up the bed of a torrent, now along the steep side of a ravine, crept and wound and climbed into the bosom of the hills. In about four hours and a half we came to Karya, a little village nestling in a well-watered, well-sheltered hollow, on the main range of Artemisium. The white-walled, red-roofed houses are scattered on the slope, each with its own green plot of field and garden beside it. A wreath of blue smoke curled up from each chimneyless roof, finding its way through the tiles as best it might. We thought that we had never seen anything so beautiful. There are, I dare say, a thousand villages, in high Alpine valleys, which are every whit as beautiful as Karya; but it is only after the eye has been wearied with a succession of barren grey mountains and burnt brown plains that it feels the true pleasure of resting on verdure. It was a pleasant foretaste of Arcadia."

But Arcadia does not fulfil this early promise. There are, indeed, black pines and a light of violets and hyacinths, of blue-bells and wood-anemones, along the ancient pass,—but as we descend the slope of Artemisium the prospect is bare and bleak, along grey, barren hills and a flat, cold, sodden plain. Thence along famous fields, haunted by memories of Epaminondas, we ride past desolate Mantinea, and along the corn-fields which wave over ancient Tegea,—thence by the waters of Alpheus and Cēmus, listening to the sound of sheep-bells along Mount Parnon,—thence through miles of greenwood, and now and then a glade all a-blaze with scarlet anemones, by the Eurotas.

The gate of Messene is the most interesting architectural relic in all the Morea. It is thus described:—

"The street leading up to it from the inside is still paved with the old stones, marked longitudinally with cart-wheels, and still retaining the transverse cuts which afforded footing for the horses up the steep hill. On the inner side are two gates, each eight feet five inches in width, separated by a wall four feet ten inches wide. Entering, you find yourself in a circular space, surrounded with walls of the most perfect masonry, large stones in regular courses admirably fitted together, except where the roots of oaks and wild carob-trees have thrust them apart. We found a party of workmen clearing away the wood by order of the nomarch; a good deed, for which he deserves the thanks of future travellers. The outer gate is single, sixteen feet ten inches across; exactly double the width of each of the inner gates. A stone, which has served for

one of the architraves of the inner gates, we found by measurement to be fourteen feet three inches long, seven and a half feet high, and two and a half feet thick. The workmen of Epaminondas outdid the Cyclopeans. The wall is here more perfect than in any other part of the circuit. Built of white limestone, without a weather-stain or a lichen, it looked as fresh as if it were in process of building. It required an effort of the imagination to believe that it had been standing two thousand and two hundred and twenty-five years. The thickness of the wall near the gate seems to have been partly left vacant for chambers, partly filled up with earth and the chips of stone left by the masons. The top is accessible from the inside by steps made at intervals. Not far off is a tower, measuring in the interior nineteen and a half by eighteen and a half feet. This tower, like that which I have mentioned near the gate of Laconia, has had an upper story. About seven and a half feet above the floor are eight holes in the wall, intended for the beams which were to support a second floor. There are no signs of a staircase, so it must have been accessible by a ladder. This upper story was furnished with six windows, two on each side, except that towards the town, and four embrasures to shoot out of, narrowing towards the outside. Each window is still furnished with four holes for fastening the shutters."

Sparta to Xeró-Kampo, where we criticize Col. Mure, thence to Nestor's city, finding fault with Homer's geography, at last we hire a boat, and in forty minutes settle much controversy. Here is "sandy" Pylos, and the cave where Hermes hid his stolen cattle, and the island of Sphacteria.—

"We descended by a steep and even dangerous path to a cave on the north side; no doubt the cave described by Pausanias as being within the city, where Neleus used to keep his cows. It is also famous in legend as being the cave where Hermes hid the herd stolen from Apollo; a precocious manifestation of divine power commemorated in the ode of Horace beginning 'Mercuri facunde.' Below this are remains of walls, both Cyclopean and Hellenic, plain for all folk to see, but scarcely indicated by the French Survey. I found one stone seven feet by three and three. There are two oblong cisterns hewn in the rocks by the shore, and five or six flights of steps leading down to the little harbour of Boidio Kolia. The innermost rim of the harbour is a bank of loose sand. Between this and the marsh grow scattered bushes of lentisk and juniper and a few tufts of coarse grass. I counted seventy fine cattle, such as would have charmed Neleus or Hermes, though it was a mystery to me how with such pasture they got so fat. On our return we landed on Sphacteria, and walked the length of the island. It is still wooded in places; I saw lentisks, wild olives, and ilex, some as much as ten or twelve feet in height. The mischievous habit, so common in modern Greece, of burning the trees in order to improve the next year's grass, prevents them from attaining their natural growth. In the level ground where the Spartan camp must have been we found a shepherd with his flock. There is a well nine fathoms deep, into which he let down his leathern bucket and gave us water; it was slightly sweet, not unpleasant to the taste. Every part of Thucydides's story, as to the final capture of the four hundred, can be identified on this still desert and unchanged island. Here the Helots ran their boats on shore when they brought provisions over-night; here the Athenians landed; here the Messenians crept round under the cliffs unperceived, to take the Spartans in the rear; here they made their final stand, and at last waved their hands in token of surrender. No scepticism, no counter-theory can hold its ground after a visit to the place."

Take a classical adventure, and a scene in a Greek convent.—

"Suddenly we came upon a huge ruined wall, and we found ourselves on the site of Messene. We had, indeed, passed over it without being aware, and were now at 'the gate of Laconia.' A steep path to the right led down to the convent of Vourkamo, where we were to pass the night. There

was a considerable preliminary difficulty in finding the door—then a parley through the keyhole. 'Times eisthe!'—"Who are you?" said a voice from within. 'Angloi,' said we. 'Lordoi,' added Alexander, for thus the dragoman designates all foreign tourists; and we were forthwith admitted. A wild-looking monk, with long black hair and beard, and gown, candle in hand, conducted us to the room set apart for guests—a large bare room upstairs with a divan, or, in Yorkshire phrase, a settle, covered with carpet at each end. Here we were visited by the abbot and all the brethren, and treated with sweetmeats, coffee, and liqueur. Our arrival gave evident pleasure. It was a break in the monotony of life at Vourkamo. We asked and answered many questions. In the monastery, we were told, there are fifteen regular monks or 'caloyers,' and counting the lay brethren and dependent peasants—*georgoi* and *poiménes*—sixty persons in all attached to the establishment."

For archaeological illustrations relating to Mycenæ, Mantinea, and Olympia, the Styx, the site of the battle-field of Mantinea, botanical notes upon the banks of the Ladon and the Eurotas, the flowers of asphodel, the brackens, the pools fringed with lashes of fern, which the modern Greeks call poetically "black eyes," we have much pleasure in referring the reader to this scholar-like volume, full of "beauty with simplicity."

The Modern Art of Taming Wild Horses. By J. S. Rarey. (Routledge & Co.)

NEITHER Bucephalus nor Copenhagen attained the honest fame of Cruiser. These vulgar steeds, however sung in rhyme and legend, were to him as Suffolk cobs to coursers of the sun. They stole their light from famous men, who owned and rode them. Cruiser shines by his own light. Cruiser made Rarey consul!

When Claudius named his hack first magistrate of Rome hacks came into fashion. Cruiser has made Mr. Rarey a fashion. His system supplies clubs with gossip, caricaturists with illustrations, and writers with points. A year or two ago we had lion taming,—later we had serpent charming,—and now, in a dull season, the country that very kindly supplies universal creation with everlastin' notions, has sent us Mr. Rarey—seemingly one among the best of its shipments to Europe—with a horse-taming secret. Since the conquest of Cruiser, the secret has been sold, at so many guineas per head, to a very great number of persons, who seem to have very honourably kept the said secret, whatever it may be,—transactions out of which Mr. Rarey is very properly making his own fortune. Of course there is a good deal of speculation as to what the secret is. Constance naturally thinks it very hard that Frank will not tell her;—Eustace says it is oil of rhodium;—Lady Marian knows it is all done by straps;—Charlotte has been told, as a great secret, that it is a smelling-bottle—a sniff of sal volatile, or something of that sort. Rattle knows the secret—what does he not know? It is a new language—horse language—which Rarey got from a Pawnee, who learned it of a buffalo. Meanwhile Eustace, Lady Marian, Lotte, and Rattle are as anxious to hear Frank's opinion—knowing that Frank has given his money and his word—as Constance herself. To cool their curiosity Mr. Routledge has sent to America for a little book, written by Mr. Rarey on the subject, and professing to teach his taming system.

The little book arrests and amuses like an event. It is thoroughly genuine; and we think our readers will be pleased to make Mr. Rarey's acquaintance as a man of letters. Hear with what affectionate enthusiasm he speaks of the horse:—

"The horse, according to the best accounts we can gather, has been the constant servant of man

for nearly four thousand years, ever rewarding him with his labour and adding to his comfort in proportion to his skill and manner of using him; but being to those who govern him by brute force, and know nothing of the beauty and delight to be gained from the cultivation of his finer nature, a fretful, vicious, and often dangerous servant; whilst to the Arab, whose horse is the pride of his life, and who governs him by the law of kindness, we find him to be quite a different animal. The manner in which he is treated from a foal gives him an affection and attachment for his master not known in any other country. The Arab and his children, the mare and her foal, inhabit the tent together; and although the colt and the mare's neck are often pillows for the children to roll upon, no accident ever occurs, the mare being as careful of the children as of the colt. Such is the mutual attachment between the horse and his master, that he will leave his companions at his master's call, ever glad to obey his voice. And when the Arab falls from his horse, and is unable to rise again, he will stand by him and neigh for assistance; and if he lies down to sleep, as fatigue sometimes compels him to do in the midst of the Desert, his faithful steed will watch over him, and neigh to arouse him if man or beast approaches. The Arabs frequently teach their horses secret signs or signals, which they make use of on urgent occasions to call forth their utmost exertions."

Then we come to an example:—

"A Bedouin, named Jabal, possessed a mare of great celebrity. Hassan Pasha, then governor of Damascus, wished to buy the animal, and repeatedly made the owner the most liberal offers, which Jabal steadily refused. The pasha, then had recourse to threats, but with no better success. At length, one Gafar, a Bedouin of another tribe, presented himself to the pasha, and asked what he would give the man who should make him master of Jabal's mare? 'I will fill his horse's nose-bag with gold,' replied Hassan. The result of this interview having gone abroad, Jabal became more watchful than ever, and always secured his mare at night with an iron chain, one end of which was fastened to her hind fetlock, whilst the other, after passing through the tent-cloth, was attached to a picket driven in the ground under the felt that served himself and his wife for a bed. But one midnight, Gafar crept silently into the tent, and succeeded in loosening the chain. Just before starting off with his prize, he caught up Jabal's lance, and poking him with the butt end, cried out: 'I am Gafar! I have stolen your noble mare, and will give you notice in time.' This warning was in accordance with the customs of the Desert, for to rob a hostile tribe is considered an honourable exploit, and the man who accomplishes it is desirous of all the glory that may flow from the deed. Poor Jabal, when he heard the words, rushed out of the tent and gave the alarm; then mounting his brother's mare, accompanied by some of his tribe, he pursued the robber for four hours. The brother's mare was of the same stock as Jabal's, but was not equal to her; nevertheless he outstripped those of all the other pursuers, and was even on the point of overtaking the robber, when Jabal shouted to him: 'Pinch her right ear and give her a touch of the heel.' Gafar did so, and away went the mare like lightning, speedily rendering further pursuit hopeless. The pinch in the ear and the touch with the heel were the secret signs by which Jabal had been used to urge his mare to her utmost speed. Jabal's companions were amazed and indignant at his strange conduct. 'O thou father of a jackass!' they cried, 'thou has enabled the thief to rob thee of thy jewel.' But he silenced their upbraidings by saying: 'I would rather lose her than sully her reputation. Would you have me suffer it to be said among the tribes that another mare had proved fleetier than mine? I have at least this comfort left me, that I can say she never met with her match.'"

On the saddle, bridle, and sent we read:—

"The polished Greeks, as well as the ruder nations of Northern Africa, for a long while rode without either saddle or bridle, guiding their horses with the voice or the hand, or with a light switch

with which they touched the animal on the side of the face to make him turn in the opposite direction. They urged him forward by a touch of the heel, and stopped him by catching him by the muzzle. Bridles and bits were at length introduced, but many centuries elapsed before anything that could be called a saddle was used. Instead of these, cloths, single or padded, and skins of wild beasts, often richly adorned, were placed beneath the rider, but always without stirrups; and it is given as an extraordinary fact that the Romans, even in the times when luxury was carried to excess amongst them, never desired so simple an expedient for assisting the horseman to mount, to lessen his fatigue, and aid him in sitting more securely in his saddle. Ancient sculptors prove that the horsemen of almost every country were accustomed to mount their horses from the right side of the animal, that they might the better grasp the mane, which hangs on that side, a practice universally changed in modern times. The ancients generally leaped on their horses' backs, though they sometimes carried a spear with a loop or projection about two feet from the bottom, which served them as a step. In Greece and Rome, the local magistracy were bound to see that blocks for mounting (what the Scotch call *loupin-on stanes*) were placed along the road at convenient distances. The great, however, thought it more dignified to mount their horses by stepping on the bent backs of their servants or slaves, and many who could not command such costly help, used to carry a light ladder about with them. The first distinct notice that we have of the use of the saddle occurs in the edict of the Emperor Theodosius (A.D. 385), from which we also learn that it was usual for those who hired post-horses to provide their own saddle, and that the saddle should not weigh more than sixty pounds—a cumbersome contrivance, more like the howdahs placed on the backs of elephants than the light and elegant saddle of modern times. Side-saddles for ladies are an invention of comparatively recent date. The first seen in England was made for Anne of Bohemia, wife of Richard the Second, and was, probably, more like a pillion than the side-saddle of the present day. A pillion is a sort of very low-backed arm-chair, and was fastened on the horse's croup, behind the saddle, on which a man rode who had all the care of managing the horse, while the lady sat at her ease, supporting herself by grasping a belt which he wore, or passing her arm around his body, if the gentleman was not too ticklish. But the Mexicans manage these things with more gallantry than the ancients did. The *paisana*, or country lady, we are told, is often seen mounted before her *caballero*, who takes the more natural position of being seated behind his fair one, supporting her by throwing his arm around her waist.

To come to more serious subjects. Mr. Rarey lays down three laws of equine nature as constituting the principles on which his own practice is based. These equine laws he expresses in the following words:—

"First. That he is so constituted by nature that he will not offer resistance to any demand made of him which he fully comprehends, if made in a way consistent with the laws of his nature. Second. That he has no consciousness of his strength beyond his experience, and can be handled according to our will without force. Third. That we can, in compliance with the laws of his nature by which he examines all things new to him, take any object, however frightful, around, over, or on him, that does not inflict pain—without causing him to fear."

The third law, as here expressed, is somewhat vague and involved. How we are to carry frightful things round a horse by observing the "laws of his nature," will depend somewhat on our knowledge of those laws. Happily, in another part of Mr. Rarey's tract, we get a glimpse of one very serviceable law:—

"Every one that has ever paid any attention to the horse, has noticed his natural inclination to smell everything which to him looks new and frightful. This is their strange mode of examining everything. And, when they are frightened at anything, though they look at it sharply, they seem

to have no confidence in this optical examination alone, but must touch it with the nose before they are entirely satisfied; and, as soon as this is done, all is right."

An experiment may now be tried:—

"If you want to satisfy yourself of this characteristic of the horse, and to learn something of importance concerning the peculiarities of his nature, &c., turn him into the barn-yard, or a large stable will do, and then gather up something that you know will frighten him—a red blanket, buffalo robe, or something of that kind. Hold it up so that he can see it, he will stick up his head and snort. Then throw it down somewhere in the centre of the lot or barn, and walk off to one side. Watch his motions, and study his nature. If he is frightened at the object, he will not rest until he has touched it with his nose. You will see him begin to walk around the robe and snort, all the time getting a little closer, as if drawn up by some magic spell, until he finally gets within reach of it. He will then very cautiously stretch out his neck as far as he can reach, merely touching it with his nose, as though he thought it was ready to fly at him. But after he has repeated these touches a few times, for the first time (though he has been looking at it all the while), he seems to have an idea what it is. But now he has found, by the sense of feeling, that it is nothing that will do him any harm, and he is ready to play with it. And if you watch him closely, you will see him take hold of it with his teeth, and raise it up and pull at it. And in a few minutes you can see that he has not that same wild look about his eye, but stands like a horse biting at some familiar stump."

When you have gained all this general and special acquaintance with horse nature, you may then proceed with business. Suppose the thing to be done is to saddle a colt:—

"The first thing will be to tie each stirrup-strap into a loose knot to make them short, and prevent the stirrups from flying about and hitting him. Then double up the skirts and take the saddle under your right arm, so as not to frighten him with it as you approach. When you get to him rub him gently a few times with your hand, and then raise the saddle very slowly, until he can see it, and smell and feel it with his nose. Then let the skirt loose, and rub it very gently against his neck the way the hair lies, letting him hear the rattle of the skirts as he feels them against him; each time getting a little farther backward, and finally slip it over his shoulders on his back. Shake it a little with your hand, and in less than five minutes you can rattle it about over his back as much as you please, and pull it off and throw it on again, without his paying much attention to it. As soon as you have accustomed him to the saddle, fasten the girth. Be careful how you do this. It often frightens the colt when he feels the girth binding him, and making the saddle fit tight on his back. You should bring up the girth very gently, and not draw it too tight at first, just enough to hold the saddle on. Move him a little, and then girth it as tight as you choose, and he will not mind it. You should see that the pad of your saddle is all right before you put it on, and that there is nothing to make it hurt him, or feel unpleasant to his back. It should not have any loose straps on the back part of it, to flap about and scare him. After you have saddled him in this way, take a switch in your right hand to tap him up with, and walk about in the stable a few times with your right arm over your saddle, taking hold of the reins on each side of his neck with your right and left hands, thus marching him about in the stable until you teach him the use of the bridle, and can turn him about in any direction, and stop him by a gentle pull of the rein. Always caress him, and loose the reins a little every time you stop him. You should always be alone, and have your colt in some light stable or shed, the first time you ride him; the loft should be high, so that you can sit on his back without endangering your head. You can teach him more in two hours time in a stable of this kind, than you could in two weeks in the common way of breaking colts, out in an open place. If you follow my course of treatment, you need not run any risk, or have any

trouble in riding the worst kind of horse. You take him a step at a time, until you get up a mutual confidence and trust between yourself and horse. First teach him to lead and stand hitched; next acquaint him with the saddle, and the use of the bit; and then all that remains, is to get on him without scaring him, and you can ride him as well as any horse."

All these instructions seem to us thoroughly simple and genuine. Mr. Rarey is evidently a peculiar genius. He leans to the equine side of nature, and has that perfect sympathy with it which can alone secure perfect knowledge and mastery. We do not imagine that the tract we have before us contains all Mr. Rarey's secret, or that its publication in London will rob him of a single pupil. His plan—which is only an elaborate and organized gentleness—may be universally applicable; and yet it may be learnt far more easily and certainly from the living master than from any book of instructions. The air of truth and manliness in this little work—with the absence from its pages of everything like brag or quackery—gives us a broader basis than we had before for confidence in the honest meaning and professions of Mr. Rarey.

The Odes of Horace, in Four Books, translated into English Lyric Verse. By Lord Ravensworth. (Upham & Beec.)

WE grant Lord Ravensworth credit for his labour, for the taste which a prolonged occupation in attempting to translate Horace indicates, and for the good-natured, old-fashioned kind of enthusiasm—at once English and parliamentary—which he feels for the darling of the court of Augustus. Nay, we have not forgotten Dr. Johnson's saying, and in weighing Lord Ravensworth's merit we have allowed his coronet to go into the scale. But when all is said and done, we are bound to criticize fairly, and not even in the height of summer can we affect to be delighted with such very weak Falernian-and-water.

But if Lord Ravensworth has failed, he has failed where nobody else has yet succeeded. There is no translation of Horace which we could put into the hands of an Englishman with any hope that it would represent to him the man Horace as he appears in his Roman garb. There are two ways in which the task is generally attempted, and both end in disappointment. Translate literally, as Sewall has done, you have Horace in an English strait-waistcoat; translate loosely, like Francis and others, you have Horace in an English swallow-tail. The dignity, the nicety, the gaiety, the simplicity, one or all, are lost. The dignity becomes bombast—the simplicity baldness. Of course, there are particular odes very well done in our literature, for such men as Milton, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Bishop Atterbury, Pope, Cowper, Warren Hastings, have tried their hands at Horace. Still Horace remains a Roman, and not an Englishman. He is still an alien. Those who want to know him must learn his own language, for he has not yet been taught to speak ours.

We cannot help thinking that this is a great misfortune, because of the new thousands who are every year becoming interested in literature, few can be expected to attain to the shrewd, graceful, exquisitely clever old gentleman's intimacy. And what makes the prospect worse is, that we have not yet popular translations of ancients who are easier to translate. What we ought to possess of all classical writers is a version which should be to the public what the original is to scholars; and this the public have a right to expect their scholars to supply. They ought to do for the ancients what the

Church has done for the Bible; and in that case the classical literature would sink into the popular mind like rain, and enrich it unseen. At present, the ancients and moderns do not act with a joint influence; the reader of the first class has a distinct standard of taste from the reader of the second, and the latter is apt to resent the former's supposed assumption of superiority. When a bad translation appears, therefore, the malecontent turns round and says, "So this is your Horace! why nobody would admire this if it were put forward as an original work." To get out of the dilemma, the student is compelled to reply, "This is not our Horace. This is only a Cock Lane ghost—not the invoked spirit of the laurelled dweller by Tivoli." One is, therefore, forced to warn worthy gentlemen who look on Horace (with some justice) as a kind of support of the British Constitution, that they may often be serving his memory by not translating him. It is one of the most difficult tasks in the world, and it was *à propos* of Daru's version of the poet that Lamartine denied that it was possible to translate anybody at all.

The fascination is very natural, however, which makes people attempt it, and it is a fascination which is likely to increase. In the first place, Horace is so very *modern* in many respects, that people easily fancy that he can be made to speak in a modern language. His eyes seem to know you and follow you like the eyes of a portrait. The good worldly sense,—the good worldly humour,—the occasional flare of a noble spirit in the moment of aspiration,—the sly turn of polite cynicism when the higher mood has passed,—all these are as natural to a cultivated man in London as they were in his day in Rome. He is emphatically the writer of civilization; and hence it is that he has kept a-head of many other ancients as civilization has progressed. Many people take their whole view of antiquity from him, solely because he really represents the phase of the classic life which answers to the present phase of modern life. They feel that his mixture of sense, levity, and *nil admirari*, with an occasional gleam of something higher shooting through it to save it from meanness, is just the tone of to-day. And they are right in endeavouring to translate him, for we should sooner expect to see him translated well, than some graver, higher, and more antique spirit.

The difficulties on which we have dwelt as attaching to the work are not moral so much as literary. His point of view is plain enough. We know exactly what he was as thinker and moralist; but to do him justice as an artist is a very different thing. His finish is such that the charm of a stanza may often depend on the position of a word—just as take away a pearl and you would spoil a necklace. Now, let us illustrate this by opening Lord Ravensworth's book;—premising that his Lordship is, as compared with Prof. Newman (whose Horace we duly value as an *experiment*), of what may be called the old school of translators—one who instead of bending his English to suit his Latin has a tendency to make his Latin suit his English. Lord Ravensworth, we mean, gives Horace a modern tone, after the fashion of this century, just as Philip Francis, Sen. did, after the fashion of last century. We shall open at the Ode to Pyrrha (which Scaliger called *merum nectar*), not only on account of its intrinsic beauty, but because his Lordship seems sadly dissatisfied with Milton's version of it.—

What youth, O Pyrrha! blooming fair,
With rose-twined wreath and perfumed hair,
Wooest these beneath yon grotto's shade,
Urgent in prayer and amorous glance?
For whom dost thou thy tresses braid,
Simple in thine elegance?

Alas! full soon shall he deplore

Thy broken faith, thine altered mien:
Like one astonished at the roar
Of breakers on a leeward shore,
Whom gentle airs and skies serene
Had tempted on the treacherous deep,
So he thy perfidy shall weep
Who now enjoys thee fair and kind,
But dreams not of the shifting wind.
Thrice wratched they, deluded and betrayed,
Who trust thy glittering smile and Siren tongue!
I have escaped the shipwreck, and have hung
In Neptune's Fane my dripping wet displayed
With votive tablet on his altar laid,
Thanking the Sea-God for his timely aid.

This is one of the happiest efforts in the book. But it contains five more lines than the original; and it is sadly conventional in several parts.—

Miseri quibus
Intentata nites

is diluted into two long lines and in a different metre from the rest,—a fact, by the way, which spoils the roundness, the oneness, which is so peculiarly Horatian. Milton begins,—

What slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bindst thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness?

And so he retains the quiet of the original, which is always important. Still, we have always thought "plain in thy neatness" a tame rendering of "simplex munditiis," and we are not satisfied with Newman's "simple in grace." Lord Ravensworth's phrase is better,—and we are happy to add here, that his whole version is better than that of Francis, who runs on in this fashion:—

While liquid odours round him breathe,
What youth the rosy bower beneath,
Now courts thee to be kind,
Pyrrha, for whose unwary heart,
Do you thus dressed with careless art
Your yellow tresses bind?

It was, in the worthy divine's age, the mode to affect a certain familiarity with the ancients—to put wigs on their venerable heads, and so forth. This comes out with an odd effect in Francis sometimes; but on the whole we rather agree with Dr. Johnson in thinking respectably of him, than with Churchill, who wickedly says—

Why should I tell to cross the will of Fate,
That Francis once endeavoured to translate?

Let us turn next to the very pretty address to the Bandusian Fountain, and place translator and poet side by side:—

Bandusian Fount! where O Fons Bandusie, splen-	
many a flower	didior vitro,
Reflected in thy margin	Dulci dignis mero, non sine
blows;	
Before to-morrow's twilight	Cras donaberis hædo
hour	Cui frons turgida cornibus
Duly to thee I'll pay my	
vows.	

A wanton kid with crested	Primis et Venerem et prelia
head	destinat,
For love or war prepared in	Frustra; nam gelidos inficiet
vain,	tibi
Shall with his life-blood	Rubro sanguine rivos
newly shed	Lascivi suboles gregis.
Thy pure and sparkling	
current stain.	

When scorching Sirius	Te flagrantis atrox hora
fiercest glows,	Canicula
Or noontide Phoebus' sultry	Nescit languere: tu frigida
beam,	arabile
Their languid limbs the herds	Fessis vomere tauris
repose	Præbea, et pecori vago.
Beside thy cool refreshing	
stream.	
That stream shall be for aye	Fies nobilium tu quoque
renowned,	fontium,
If I its sylvan glories sing;	Me dicente cavis impositam
And famed that rock with	illecem
illex crowned	Saxis; unde loquaces
From which thy babbling	Lymphæ desiliunt tæ.
waters spring.	

We are sorry to observe an error in meaning in the first stanza of the translation here. Horace is *not* talking of flowers growing round the fount; but promises to offer flowers to it, along with the wine, at his intended sacrifice. In the second stanza, our translator misses a nice point, and destroys that isolation or

"solitude" (as Dillenburger expresses it) which belongs to *frustra*. And, again, in the Ode to Barine (ii. 8), we have, as a rendering of—

—sed tu, simul obligasti,
Perdidi votis caput, entesca
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura.

—still the oftener that you dare,
To outrage Heaven with oaths, more fair
That face becomes, and still the more
Admirers thicken and adore.

—where "publica cura" loses its full force. Yet, these niceties are not neglected wilfully, for Lord Ravensworth tells us that he has been "twenty years" trying his hand at—

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

The reader will ask—as old Casaubon asked at the Sorbonne, when they told him they had disputed for four hundred years—What has he decided on?—To which we answer—

The softly speaking Lalage,
The softly smiling still for me.

—which is certainly a pretty way of putting into English those charming words.

Apocryphos of these Horatian damsels, Lord Ravensworth seems to accept their historic reality with more ease than we do. In one of the "Observations" at the end of the Odes (rather weak, as specimens of thought, too often) we find the following:—

"I have little doubt that Barine felt consoled for Horace's attacks upon her perjury and deceit by the compliments paid to her beauty and attractions. —Jan. 1842."

We fear that posterity will hardly appreciate the care with which Lord Ravensworth has noted the exact date when this thought entered his mind. It will have followed up, we think, Buttman's view—the influence of which makes its mark on Mr. Maclean's edition of Horace—that the "loves" of Horace are very shadowy personages,—and that it is hopeless to try and make biographical use of them. In fact, the poet was fearfully prosaic in his amours,—*Vide Sat. lib. 1, 2, and lib. 1, 5*. And we know nothing more ludicrous than the contradictions into which the commentators fall when they attempt to treat Chloe, Lydia, Cinara, Glycera, Lyde, Lyce, Lalage, Phyllis, Phryne, Inachia, Pyrrha, Chloris, Tyndaris, Galatæ, Barine, Pholoe, Myrtale, Neera, and Lesbia, as real personages with private histories! One would think that the list alone carried with it the refutation of the theory, even admitting with Suetonius that he was "ad res Veneres intemperantior." But the critics seem to think that an injustice is done to the poet if he is robbed of a single concubine; so Barine is "pulcherrima quidem, sed nimis perfida puella," according to Dillenburger,—and Prof. Newman deeply regrets that he did not *marry* Neera. But as we find him, when turned forty (viz. in A.C. 24), sending a boy to bring that lady to him along with some ointment, a batch of garlands, and a jar of wine, we cannot share the regret of the learned Professor. By the way, in this last-mentioned Ode, Lord Ravensworth takes another liberty with the text. His words in stanza sixth are—

And bid Neera come this way,
Knitting her *auburn* locks with speed;
But if the porter cause delay,
Begone, nor for her favours plead.

Why do we hear of "auburn locks" instead of "murreum crinem"—myrrh-scented hair?

While on the subject of the lighter, or amatory, poems, we shall have the pleasure of reprinting the version of the *Donec gratus*, with which the noble translator has been favoured by his friend Lord Derby. There is no more delicate *carmen*, nor one more difficult to do justice to, in all Horace; and the Premier has executed it with great skill,—reminding

us of Cicero's remark about the relationship between orators and poets.—

HORACE. While I was dear to thee,
While with encircling arms
No youth preferred to me
Dared to profane thy bosom's snowy charms;
I envied not, by thee adored,
The wealth, the bliss of Persia's lord.

LYDIA. While all thy bosom glowed
With love for me alone;
While Lydia there abode,
Where Chloe now has fixed her hateful throne;
Well pleased, our Roman Iliad's fame
I deemed eclipsed by Lydia's name.

HOR. 'Tis true, my captive heart
The fair-haired Chloe sways,
Skilled with transcendent art
To touch the lyre, and breathe harmonious lays:
For her my life were gladly paid,
So Heaven would spare my Cretan maid.

LYD. My breast with fond desire
For youthful Calais burns;
Touched with a mutual fire,
The son of Orithius my love returns;
For him I'd doubly die with joy,
So Heaven would spare my Thurian boy.

HOR. What, if the former chain
That we too rashly broke
We yet should weave again,
And bow once more beneath th' accustomed yoke?
If Chloe's sway no more I own,
And Lydia fill the vacant throne?

LYD. Though bright as morning-star
My Calais' beaming brow;
Though more inconstant far,
And easier chafed than Adrie, billows thou;
With thee my life I'd gladly spend,
Content with thee that life to end.

A pretty imitation of this Amœbean will be found in one of the comedies of Molière.

We shall now turn to the ethical and historical class of odes, in which Horace is far more national than in those light fancy-pictures after the Greek, with which we have been occupied hitherto. Such are the splendid and stately poems,—the 'Cælo tonantem,' with its fine picture of Regulus; the 'Motum ex Metello,' addressed to Pollio, and others. Here, to the difficulty of Horatian finish and condensation, is added that of keeping up with the lofty and patriotic passion of the bard's nobler hour. The mark must be hit flying, as the Osmanlee hurls his dart from a horse at full gallop. But our present translator wants pith, as he wants nicety. The following specimen from his translation of the glowing speech of Regulus shall speak for itself:—

"For sooner may ye hope to trace
In wool befooled its former gloss,
Than fallen virtue can repair
In weak and coward souls the loss
Of all that once had made her fair!
When timid hindls from nets set free
Shall turn upon the hunter's train,
Then may the recreant captive be
A gallant soldier once again.
And he who feared the stroke of death,
And felt the fetters' branded scar,
May think to win the laurel wreath,
And triumph o'er his foes in war!
Will ye, then, bid this conflict cease
By treaties of inglorious peace?
Oh, dastard act! oh, bitter shame
To Roman honour, Roman fame!
Oh, Carthage! mightier than the fall
Of yon degraded Capitol!"
He spoke, and turned aside his head
From the chaste partner of his bed:
Repelled her kiss and fond embrace,
But frowning stood apart from all,
Nor touched his sinless children's face;
Like a death-sentenced criminal,
Fixing on earth his manly brow,
As if already fallen too low;
Until at length his counsel strong
Confirmed the Senate's wavering throng,
And his sad friends, with heavy heart,
Th' illustrious exile saw depart.
Albeit he knew what torturing throes
Awaited him from barbarous foes;
Yet calm he passed th' opposing crowd,
And all his kindred weeping loud.

It would be useless to deny that the compactness, the fire, the ringing blow after blow, as from the hammer of the god Vulcan, are not represented here. It would be tedious to show how, and painful to state why, such is the case. But the feebleness of the general effect is

obvious, and it is not worth while to dwell on the details.

Briefly, we may now pronounce as our verdict that Horace must still wait for the man who is to make him an English classic. Come when he may, such man must be himself a poet, and deeply imbued with the spirit of classical antiquity, and possessing what Madvig somewhere calls that "subtilior cognitio" of the Latin language which is so necessary to the interpretation of the Venusian. What is more, too (though we do not pledge ourselves to the view of Prof. Newman altogether), we doubt whether the classicality of a Roman poet can be adequately transferred into that common poetic language with which we all have associations which it is difficult to make compatible with classical ones; and we are even inclined to say that the best promise lies at present among those who endeavour to dispense with rhyme. Meanwhile, the best popular Horace would be one that should comprise all the choicest imitations and translations, by the best of the scores of men who have either made one happy hit by itself, or have occasionally succeeded, during attempts to produce the whole, which, as such, have been failures. We commend this hint to the attention of Mr. Theodore Martin, Father Prout, and others of our day who love to retire from the smoke and noise of the modern Rome, to refresh themselves by the babbling waters of Bandusia, or to watch Faunus chasing the Nymphs as they twinkle among the sunny leaves. To such a collection Lord Ravensworth's book would contribute at least something. But in order to attain that honour, his best translations would require to be revised,—white, viewed as a whole, his work is—and we say it with regret—a failure. When tried by his Horatian peers, he will inevitably be pronounced not successful, "upon their honour!"

Day by Day at Lucknow. A Journal of the Siege of Lucknow. By Mrs. Case. (Bentley.)

It will be long before English readers will weary of the tale to be told by men and women belonging to the rescued garrison of Lucknow. A worthy narrative of that unparalleled struggle would become a classic in the language. The poet who should give the story a golden epic, or even rough and brilliant ballad shape, would live for ages in every home from Rye to Dunnet Head, from Land's End to Lowestoff. The Turks at Corinth gave no grander theme to poetry than the Sepoys at Lucknow,—nor was the heroism of the Greek defence comparable with that of the British, who, we may dare to believe, would have found their Minotti had they been driven to the last alternative. It was Havelock's instruction to Inglis, when he was twenty-five days' march distant, "I can only say hold on, and do not negotiate, but rather perish sword in hand." That was the spirit of the gallant company shut up in the heart of a region swarming, not with ordinary foes but savages resolved that, once within the walls, not a living Christian should remain. Therefore, the narrative of the siege is of perennial interest, and we do not anticipate that Mrs. Case will have fewer readers because one of her companions in danger has already published a similar journal. 'Day by Day at Lucknow,' as its title implies, is a circumstantial diary, plainly written, partly in an epistolary form, and with contributions of that nature from the author's friend, Miss Dickson. The book might have been better arranged, the order of dates more regularly preserved, and the introduction of duplicate letters avoided. These faults of the editor produce perplexity

and confusion; but, in spite of them, the volume is one of character, and will strongly interest even those to whom the events described have been made familiar by preceding publications. We can imagine one of the escaped garrison reading it with proud emotion. Mrs. Case's first date is May 21st, when anxiety had been felt at Lucknow for several weeks, and when the rising of the native soldiery was imminent. Precautions were then taken; all the ladies at the station were assembled and warned of their peril; they were conducted to places of comparative safety; but it appeared as if the Sepoys were hesitating, and until the end of the month the writer was enabled to ride or drive into cantonments. They ran some risk, of course, in going to the camp with mutiny murmuring around them; but nothing short of absolute necessity could reconcile them to close imprisonment within a fortified inclosure. At last the revolt broke loose; the bungalows were fired, the conflict began, and the women were ordered into the Residency. In the turmoil Mrs. Case lost her servant, whose escape is described by Lady Inglis:—

"Fancy my surprise, two evenings after you left, on returning from our walk, to find your ayah and her family had arrived. Poor woman, she made double marches all the way from Cawnpore, in the hope of seeing you again, and was almost heart-broken when she found that she was disappointed in the object of her journey. Had you remained at Benares, she would have followed you I am sure, and even now would go down with me to Calcutta, on the chance of seeing you, but this I dissuaded her from, for it would only be a momentary pleasure to you both, and she would find herself very lonely and friendless when we had all sailed. I have had some very long conversations with her, and the information she gives is most interesting. Upon leaving the Residency, that sad 30th June, she went immediately to our houses, but had not been there half-an-hour before the place was filled with budmashes, and city people, who ransacked the houses, cut up our gardens, &c. &c. Most of our servants ran away, but the metah's children, who hid in a hole, in our garden, and covered themselves with manure, where they remained concealed till all the wretches had gone away, and at twelve o'clock at night got out by a hole in the wall, and made towards a village some miles from the city, where they were taken prisoners, brought back to Lucknow, and put in jail. They were kept for a week fed on grain. The king, a boy of about ten years old, came to see them with his mother. They told him that they were not gentlemen's servants, but only poor villagers, and, as they were almost naked, having been plundered of everything, he believed their story, and set them free. They then went to the same village again, and lived for some months in the jungle, begging for their food, and hearing daily that the Baillie-guard was to be taken immediately, and every one killed. The poor woman says that she used to dig a hole and hide her face in it all day, and pray to God to protect you, whilst her husband and my ayah's used to disguise themselves and go into Lucknow, to obtain information. When General Havelock's force arrived they again made an attempt to enter the Residency, but were seized by our own soldiers, and accused of being rebels; but your ayah, by speaking English, and giving the names of nearly all the officers of the 32nd regiment, proved their innocence, and obtained their release. They again hid themselves, and when the Commander-in-Chief's force came, made their way to cantonments, there they remained, till they heard that we had all made our retreat. By a roundabout way they came to Cawnpore. It was a sad disappointment to your poor ayah to find you had left Cawnpore, and she soon started for this place, where, as I have told you, she arrived two days too late to see you. Your dog 'Dandyl' is looking very well; he is just now my constant companion. I consider their having kept him in good condition speaks volumes for their faithfulness and attachment to you; for having a dog of that description naturally brought

suspicion on them. They are good people, and I only trust they will get good places, for they deserve to be happy."

Then came the awful news from Cawnpore, the tales of children cut up, dead soldiers mutilated, women stripped and slaughtered by hundreds,—and these reports, blackening as they flew, excited a panic that shook with strange terrors every heart in the garrison. The bravest might nobly tremble when the army of Dhoond Punt was near the frail asylum of their wives and little ones. In Miss Dickson's account of the earlier episodes occur some notable passages.—

"I cannot give an account of each of the different attacks of the enemy. At first the fire was continual, night and day. To give you an idea how incessant it was, I must tell you, that when it ceased we quite missed it, and felt almost uncomfortable."

The military instinct grew upon them:—

"They would suddenly commence a heavy musketry firing, which might last about an hour or so; and how glad we were when we heard our guns firing away upon them. We soon learnt to distinguish our guns from theirs."

This lady's diary is rapidly brought down to the date of Havelock's arrival:—

"General Havelock dined with us on the 26th, and there was much discussion as to future operations. At one time it was almost feared it would be necessary to abandon the guns, which were impeding the progress of that part of the 90th coming in, rather than sacrifice so many lives, now so valuable. All felt our force was not equal to the emergency. Never shall I forget the scene that day. We dined in a very large room, if you can call it a room at all; the walls were not even white-washed, and there was no matting or any thing to cover the ground. The only light came through the large door, and near this we placed the table. The goats were kept at one end at night, and the other end was filled with Col. Inglis's boxes. The confusion baffles description. The day General Havelock dined with us poor Col. Campbell, 90th regiment, lay wounded, a very little distance from the table."

They all knew it was no relief which had come, but only reinforcement. The storm raged more violently than ever. The enemy's numbers appeared to increase. The garrison—soldiers, ladies, and children—lived upon beef and rice, a green herb resembling spinach, and chupatties, some of the families having, in addition, little stores of tea, sugar, and coffee. Then were "overrun with rats and mice," and the place of their retreat was incessantly stained with the blood of the newly slain. Col. Campbell, mentioned in a previous extract, died on the 12th of November:—

"I must tell you a strange circumstance in relation to his illness. A white fowl had been brought to Mrs. Inglis for sale, but she thought the price, five rupees, was much too high. However, Col. Inglis bought it. Its legs were secured, and it constantly hopped about before our door. Mrs. Inglis thought it was too bad that it should be eating our rice, and was just going to order it to be killed and cooked for dinner, when little Johnny comes running into the room,—"Mamma, mamma, the white fowl has laid an egg!" This saved its life. Col. Campbell was very fond of an egg—it was the only thing he could take well. The white fowl from this notable day laid an egg daily till Col. Campbell died, after which it never laid another. We have brought the fowl away, and, may be, it will some day be in England."

The journal of Mrs. Case recommences on the 5th of July. In the interval she had lost her gallant husband.—

"The firing is incessant night and day. The day after we were first besieged, it appeared to our ears, so unaccustomed to anything of the kind, to be most awful. We did not know what was going on, and as every man who could carry a musket was at his post, we could get no information, and

thought every moment that the place must be taken by storm."

There were some terrific tempests, accompanied with thunder and lightning, and while these continued the Sepoys never ceased their fire; their batteries maintained a rivalry with the clouds of heaven, and the double roar produced an effect rare even in warfare. Of course, the tenants of the Residency were in perpetual danger. There are many entries like the following:—

"While we were dressing, a round shot fell close to our door; most providentially no one happened to be on the spot at the time. A bullet fell close to the khansamah, while he was cooking the breakfast; and one also close to the chick, near which Mrs. Inglis was sitting settling something in one of her boxes."

The building was shaken by the explosion of mines, which the ladies appeared to anticipate with peculiar horror. On the 27th of July:—

"Mrs. Inglis went this evening to see Mrs. Cooper, and there she heard that the enemy are mining just under the mess-room, close to where all the ladies are. It was first found out, I believe, by one of the ladies, who heard the noise when she was in her bath-room, and called her husband to listen to the sound. But we are making a counter-mine there; so I hope we may get the best of it. The ladies are sadly frightened, and no wonder. Nothing can be more dreadful than the idea of mines."

Some of these mines were beautifully constructed, and in one a wax candle was found burning. What moral effect was produced by these alarms is shown by the narrative of Mrs. Case.—

"In the evening Mrs. Inglis went to see Mrs. Cooper, and found Mrs. Martin sitting with her. They all had a consultation as to what they would consider best to be done in case the enemy were to get in, and whether it would be right to put an end to ourselves, if they did so, to save ourselves from the horrors we should have to endure. Some of the ladies keep laudanum and prussic acid always near them. I can scarcely think it right to have recourse to such means."

Then comes the entry describing a scene which, again and again depicted, fatigues no eye. It was the "false aurora" of deliverance, the premature announcement of rescue on the 30th of July:—

"Yesterday, about six o'clock, while we were at dinner, the greatest excitement prevailed, the sound of distant guns being heard, and loud cheering from English voices. Every one was rushing about in a frantic manner, exclaiming that the relief had arrived; and one would have supposed that they were actually at the gates, waiting for admittance. We all, like the rest, rushed out to see what it was, and went over to Carry, who, we thought, might be frightened; but she was quietly sitting up in her bed. All the servants were calling out that the regiments had arrived, and the ayah began to say her prayers. Col. Palmer rushed up to Mrs. Inglis, shook hands with her, and congratulated her on the arrival of the reinforcements. For my own self, I must say I had no sooner got out of the room where we dined, than I began to think it was just as likely to be the enemy getting in. The excitement was tremendous, but lasted only for a few minutes, and then it subsided. Nobody knew what was the matter. The only thing that was quite evident was, that the relief had not arrived, and it was impossible to imagine what the guns in the distance, which sounded more like a salute than anything else, could be for."

The hope died away, there was no more exultation; the doors of the principal rooms in the Residency were taken down to form barricades, and the letter from Havelock, to which we have referred, arrived, bidding the garrison perish rather than surrender. So late as the middle of September the only reports that arrived were some, grotesque in their ghastliness, relating to the tragedy at Cawnpore.—

"I spoke to one of the drummers' wives of the 48th in the next square this evening, and she told me that she had heard that the murders at Cawnpore had been most brutal; that little children had been cut up and their bodies stuck on poles. One man, whose name she mentioned, they had tortured horribly; and had asked him, while they were killing him, 'How he would like his mutton chops and bread and butter now?'"

Two further incidents of the siege, and we must hasten to the end:—

"An enormous piece of wood, 3 feet 3 inches in circumference, and 13 inches long, was sent over the house and fired into the ladies' square this afternoon."

The next is striking as an illustration of the perils escaped:—

"Mrs. Orr mentioned a very narrow escape she had some time ago. She was sitting on a chair outside her door, and was in the act of leaning forward to pick up something for her child, when a round shot came in and broke the chair she was sitting on, without touching her. A gentleman, a few days ago, had half his pillow carried off by a round shot whilst he was lying on it, and it did not even awake him. These wonderful escapes are so frequent here that one hears them related without feeling much astonishment."

The relief arrived, and the diary is irradiated with its writer's joy. Few will read without sympathy this unaffected, irregular, and thoroughly feminine narrative, helping to complete and fill up the outlines of the Lucknow history.

An Introduction to Logical Science: being a Reprint of the Article "Logic," from the Eighth Edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica. By William Spalding, A.M.—*Encyclopedia Britannica, Article "Metaphysics."* By the Rev. H. L. Mansel, B.D. (Edinburgh, Black.)

THESE treatises, both in themselves and in the occasion of their production, indicate the progress which Philosophy has made in this country during the last ten years. Till quite recently, while the articles on physical science in our Encyclopedias required to be rewritten at short intervals, those devoted to mental science were allowed to remain through successive editions without alteration. This is no longer the case. The study of Psychology has of late advanced so rapidly on both sides of the Tweed that the publishers of our standard Cyclopedias feel the necessity of reflecting the progress. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that they originally helped to produce the results they now reflect. Several of our most useful text-books on philosophical subjects were contributed to the *Metropolitan*. Of these, however, even the most popular, if not actually obsolete, are at all events becoming so. Take Whately's "Logic," for example. Twenty years ago, when the science was scarcely studied at all, it was a useful book,—but now, though still interesting from the acuteness of its scattered observations, it is practically worthless as a text-book of logic. Most of the philosophical articles written at the same date are in much the same predicament. They all require to be rewritten.

The publishers of the *Britannica* have led the way, and the treatises by Mr. Mansel and Prof. Spalding are the result. Both essays agree in being to a considerable extent digests of what has been recently accomplished in their several departments. The conditions of such articles are, indeed, unfavourable to the display of much originality, the object in view being rather expository than critical,—to give a full but condensed outline of the science in its actual state, rather than to discuss its doubtful problems, or attempt to supply by tentative speculation its admitted deficiencies. Hence, too, the peculiar fitness of such outlines for

scientific Manuals. Prof. Spalding's treatise is republished avowedly for this purpose, and Mr. Mansel's outline is just such a conspectus of the subject as students need at the outset of their philosophical course. Criticism, though subordinate, is not, however, of course altogether excluded from such works; and each author, while giving the results of the most recent speculations in the science, attempts in more than one instance to correct and complete parts which in his judgment were erroneously or imperfectly developed. Of the two treatises that on "Metaphysics" is the more important and original. Mr. Mansel is evidently more at home in philosophical speculation and more familiar with the whole literature of the subject than Prof. Spalding. Metaphysics too is, on the narrowest interpretation of the term, a much wider subject than Logic. But in Mr. Mansel's hands it tends to regain much of its lost dignity, aspiring to a knowledge not only of the phenomenal but of the real. Mr. Mansel divides Metaphysics into two parts:—Psychology, or the science of mental facts; and Ontology, or the science of the realities lying beyond these facts. Considering, with Sir William Hamilton and the best modern thinkers, psychology as simply a developed consciousness, he starts with a consideration of this indispensable groundwork of the science. Consciousness he divides into two parts—Intuitive and Reflective, which very much corresponds in the main to the division of Perceptions and Thoughts, Matter and Form. Under the former head are considered the senses and their objects, memory and imagination, the emotions, passions, volitions and desires; under the latter the laws and forms of thought. The various points and problems arising under these heads are discussed with acuteness and precision, and illustrated by apt references to the literature of the subject; the only striking deficiency being in the section devoted to memory and imagination, which is meagre even for an outline. Mr. Mansel's general division of the subject, moreover, is open to the objection of being confused and vague, including under the first branch more than can be conveniently arranged together, and requiring the treatment of the same points under both. The division noticed in a note,—that proposed by Kant, and accepted with some modification by Sir W. Hamilton,—affords the groundwork of a much simpler and more systematic exhibition of the science.

In the second, or ontological, part of his essay, after refuting the systems of dogmatic metaphysics which figured so largely in ancient speculation, Mr. Mansel endeavours to establish a science of reality in three directions,—God, nature, and man,—but, in his own view even, is fully successful in the last alone. Though we cannot pierce to the reality lying beyond the phenomena of Nature or have any immediate perception of the Deity, he maintains we have a direct and absolute knowledge of ourselves, consciousness being not simply a manifestation of personality, but personality itself. "My own consciousness," says Mr. Mansel, "is not merely the test of my real existence, but it actually constitutes it. I exist in so far as I am a person; and I am a person in so far as I am conscious." Again: "I exist as a person only as I am conscious of myself; and I am conscious of myself only as I exist. The consciousness of personality is thus an ontology in the highest sense of the term, and cannot be regarded as the representation of any ulterior reality." This doctrine, which is in substance that of Descartes amongst earlier speculators, and of Cousin in our own day, appears to us open to serious criticism. In the first place, it is confused in principle. Mr.

Mansel confounds things essentially distinct,—the consciousness of states and the perception of substance, the conviction of personal identity and the direct knowledge of the individual mind. Personal identity is a quality or attribute, and the consciousness of a quality is not the perception of a substance. The conviction of personality, if intuitive, is like all other intuitive beliefs, simply phenomenal—one of the facts, not the basis, of consciousness. "I exist," says Mr. Mansel, "only as I am conscious of myself"; but we are conscious of ourselves not directly apart from all states, but only mediately through some particular state. All mental states are phenomenal—but modifications of mind—and their recognition as such, cannot alter their character. Out of the consciousness of mere phenomena it is impossible logically to evolve the knowledge of reality. In the second place, Mr. Mansel's doctrine is contradicted by the facts. "Consciousness," says Mr. Mansel, "constitutes existence, as ourselves"; but there are a number of mental operations that take place out of consciousness, and are known only in their results. Surely, however, these latent states, of which we are unconscious, are as truly *ours*—activities of our own minds—as their results which we know. Finally, the doctrine is fatal in its necessary consequences. On such a theory it is impossible to escape from the pantheism of Spinoza and the Mystics. It can easily be shown that consciousness is only a mode of mind, though an essential one, and if this constitutes ourselves we are at best but modifications of some unknown substance—passing manifestations of some central and abiding reality. While admiring the acuteness of Mr. Mansel's discussion, we cannot therefore congratulate him on the success of his attempt to rise from Psychology to Ontology, and establish a science of Being.

Prof. Spalding's Treatise, while including much that has not hitherto found a place in English manuals on Logic, offers little that is absolutely new. Absolute novelty, indeed, could scarcely be expected in the exposition of a formal science like Logic; but Prof. Spalding's Manual has a character of relative novelty, from embodying the results of the latest logical discussions, both in this country and on the Continent. The new matter is derived chiefly from the recent German writers on logic, and Sir W. Hamilton. Prof. Spalding accepts the latter distinguished logician's discoveries, and endeavours to work such of the details as are known into his systematic exhibition of the science. This, indeed, constitutes the main peculiarity and chief interest of the volume. The effort fairly merits the praise of being, to a considerable extent, successful, more it could scarcely aspire to, as even with the specimens of its application we possess, few could hope fully to anticipate Sir W. Hamilton's own development of his new principle. We trust the publication of his Lectures, which has been for some time advertised, will speedily do away with the necessity for any such attempt. Prof. Spalding rarely forsakes his guide, and when he does so not, as it seems to us, with success. He rejects, for instance, two of Sir William Hamilton's new propositional forms without invalidating the reasons urged for their acceptance. In the main, however, the Treatise shows a careful study and thorough comprehension, not only of Sir W. Hamilton's new doctrine, but of other interesting points mooted by recent logical writers. These points are discussed in a style that is uniformly clear and orderly, though somewhat wanting in spirit, vigour, and precision. The Manual may be safely recommended to logical students, as containing a good account of the formal part of logic, especially of many

points not touched upon in the common textbooks.

Bio-Bibliographical Studies on Literary Fools.
1st Study, *Bluet d'Arbères*.—[*Études Bio-Bibliographiques sur les Fous Littéraires*].
By Octave Delepierre. (Privately printed.)

LET Biblio and Bio-Biblio maniacs clap their hands and strike the ground, and shout *Io Pœan!* or any other pleasantries in which they delight. Here is a treasure turned up for them by the researches of the Belgian Consul-General in London! It is nothing less than the story of an ignorant dolt who wrote incomprehensible books. Let no one be too eager to say there is nothing new in that. The novelty consists in the fact, that *Bluet d'Arbères* acknowledged that he was a dolt, "wrote himself down an ass," and that his nonsense has become valuable in spite of its being the most outrageous nonsense that ever was penned. The author and his works were utterly worthless; but happy the biblio-maniac whose "banks are well furnished"! He is ready to draw a check for a pamphlet of *Bluet's*, that once would have purchased more than all the author's works, and the author with them, body and soul. M. Delepierre, with a sly gravity, hoists his hero on to a rather elevated shelf, by citing the opinion of Malebranche, to the effect, that "there are authors who have composed many volumes, in which it is more difficult than people may think to fix on any passage in which they themselves seem to have comprehended what they have written." Thus, M. Delepierre makes *Bluet d'Arbères* take respectable rank, by hinting that if, like Macheath, he hangs on Tyburn-tree, it is, at least, in excellent company.

After all, "fool" or "mad" as was this author, unintelligible trash as were his writings, and useless as he and they were in their respective times, both are of value now. What once raised disgust has become a curiosity of price; just as what ancient British ladies may have turned up their noses at in the days of Caradoc, are now bought by English maids and matrons, and cabinetted as "Coproliths," *Victoria regnante*.

Three centuries ago, minus eight years, *Bluet d'Arbères* was born in Switzerland, the son of shepherds, and he was brought up to a shepherd's dreamy life. He began star-gazing when a child, but not to such purpose as Ferguson; and if he did not exactly lip in numbers, he fell into a vaticinatory and poetic vein, though not with such satisfactory results as the world has delightedly seen in the cases of Burns and Hogg. English and Irish bricklayers have written very excellent dramatic pieces,—witness Ben Jonson, and, in a less degree, Henry Jones; but the Swiss Shepherd was neither a thinker nor a worker after the fashion of any of these. Having no brains, he thought Heaven destined him to some great end; and like most lazy fellows of that dreamy turn, he considered that his future destiny exempted him from present necessity to labour. He spent his youthful time in playing at soldiers and preaching his greatness to come; but when work began to be talked of, the noble gentleman that was-to-be felt hurt and indignant, and ran away from home to reach the fortune that Heaven had in store for him.

In those days it was not necessary for a man to go to Australia to have his sense of gentility or idleness cruelly shocked. *Bluet* had wandered no further than Savoy before he was glad to follow the honest and healthy occupation of hard labour. He worked as a sort of navvy on fortifications in Savoy; but, characteristically enough, he spent his savings on gay costume,

sword, hat, and feather, all purchased at the "ready-made" and "quickly-worn-out" clothes-shops of the time, and with his trashy finery and a false title he went home, and grew madder than ever, through the mock homage tendered there to his equally admired magnificence and intellect.

In one of these intervals of labour, he surprised his countrymen by appearing in a new character, that of a prophet and scourge of the Philistines, under which denomination he designated the Protestants. He was mad and sanguinary, and was as much laughed at as Louis Veullot, whose whole life seems to have been made uneasy by the circumstance that Luther was not burned alive, and that justice of a similar strong nature cannot be inflicted on Philistines, or Protestants, generally. As "*fous littéraires*" both these authors have succeeded admirably, but as prophets their intentions have been less questionable than their success.—

They've curs'd us in eating, they've curs'd us in drinking,
They've curs'd us in coughing, in sneezing, in winking,
They've curs'd us in sitting, in standing, in lying,
They've curs'd us in walking, in riding, in flying,
They've curs'd us in living, they've curs'd us in dying,
Never was heard such a terrible curse!

But what gives rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seems one penny the worse!

So it was with the curses of Bluet d'Arbères; not a soul was the worse for them but he who 'spat them forth; and as his performance as a "wise man" only ended in a *fasco*, he at once assumed the next natural character of the human repertory, and became court-fool or buffoon to "King David." The latter was his fool's title for the Duke of Savoy, whose service he entered in 1597, and for several years he retained his office, "serving as a butt for the wit of the courtiers," and as madly persuaded that all the pretty girls of Turin were in love with him, as ever Malvolio was that he possessed the heart of his mistress. Like a fool, however, Bluet raised his absurd eyes to the Duke's "favourite lady," and being once caught on his knees to her by his Highness, the latter had him tossed in a blanket, and therewith, the angry buffoon flung away to France, whither he went, as he said, to behold the great Emperor Theodosius,—his pseudonym for Henri IV., who had more regard for witty and graceful fools, like Chicot, than for ignorant, presumptuous blockheads like Bluet.

It is here that the curious portion of his career commences. Being presumptuous, he conferred on himself a title; it was only "Comte de Permission," a sort of Lord If-you-like-it; and being ignorant, he turned author. He did not even know how to read or write! and he even lacked the wit to profit by his ignorance. Nodier especially bewails this, adding that Bluet was as empty-headed and stupid an ass as if he had passed the whole of his life at college. Fancy this being said of a man who acknowledged that he did not possess the trumpery gifts of reading and writing, but who proclaimed that all he published was written under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost! No doubt he had often raised an invoking *Veni!* but his works show that the invocation must have been replied to, in the sense of Béranger's line—

Non, dit le Saint Esprit, je ne descends pas.

It does not appear to have occurred to any of the biographers or critics of Bluet to inquire how books by a man who could neither read nor write could be written, how they could be printed? Perhaps, they were set up from his dictation, by the compositor of the great tract-printer of his day. We have now before us a volume of goodly dimensions, that never was written. It is the 'Colloquies' of C. L.

Lordan, of Romsey, published in 1844, the author of which, a printer and a scholar, did not go through the ordinary process of writing his work, but, standing at his case, composed the volume and printed it as fast as he composed.

By a brief and clear analysis of the works of Bluet, M. Delepierre has corrected many errors, more or less extravagant, of previous writers, and has been the first to set his hero in a correct light before posterity. We are disposed to look upon Bluet d'Arbères as an ignorant fanatic, indeed, but as not by any means such a fool, altogether, as he pronounced himself to be, or as critics and biographers have taken him for. His works, ordinarily very light in regard to pages, exceed a hundred, some of which have disappeared, and the loss of which the world has wonderfully survived. Accepting M. Delepierre's opinions of them as a whole, we are disposed to believe that if the author did not understand three-fourths of what he wrote, and that of the other fourth one half was not intended to be intelligible to others, we have a strong suspicion that the remaining eighth of the whole was that sort of satirical allusion to politics, religion, or morals, which a man in fear of very ungracious powers—that be ordinarily descends to. At this day, the most brilliant minds in France are reduced to do, after their more appropriate method, what a dunce like Bluet d'Arbères did, three centuries ago,—namely, assault a present system by attacking one that no longer exists,—hold up to censure political crimes, by allusions to criminals on whom the verdict of the world has, long since, done justice. Thus, in Bluet's days, if a peasant did not pay his taxes, the Government billeted soldiers upon him, who remained till he paid his dues; and then the king ordered his soldiers to leave the peasant in peace. This peace Bluet compares to that which a man enjoys, from out of whom God drives the devil, as soon as the man pays obedience to the divine commandments. But the devil, of course, is always renewing his assault, and the billeted soldiers live again upon the fierce and famished peasant. M. Delepierre speaks of a book of prayers (which Mr. Irving might have admired for the unknown tongue, sounding like French, which warrants them "inflammation" from the Holy Ghost), as being neither "sans onction ni sans mérite, quoiqu'elles renferment deux ou trois propositions singulières, telles que la distinction entre La Pucelle et La Vierge: 'La première,' dit-il, 'c'est avoir mauvaise volonté sans effet; la seconde, c'est être sans mauvaises volontés et sans effet.'" This reads to us very like a satire on the religious commentators of the period. Again, when Bluet dedicates his 'Livre de Profession' to Henri IV., as a king, "qui est rempli de toute vertu et de générosité, ennemi du vice et serviteur de la vertu," we are sure he is laughing at a king who was more generous in words than in money, and whose homage to virtue was as sincere as that he rendered to religion. This dedication the author subsequently cancelled, substituting in its place, one to Monseigneur de Nantouillet, whose handsome face, he says, "signifie qu'il méprise les choses transitoires et basses, pour aspirer aux choses hautes et grandes." And yet this hero is not even in the 'Biographie Universelle.' "Il ne fut rien, pas même Académicien!"

Many other examples might be selected from amidst the mass of folly, madness, knavery, cunning, and vanity, which characterize the works of Bluet d'Arbères. His vision, in which he is ordered by some of the king's household to warn a napkin for his Majesty's use, but which napkin, however closely held to the fire, would not be the warmer, is a clumsy enough

hint, but still a hint, that Royalty may find disobedience where it least expects to meet with it. And when Bluet bids his readers consider how grand the sun looks when the heavens are clear, but how his grandeur disappears altogether when the clouds rise before him,—he is illogical, it is true, but one can very well see the moral he intends to apply. At other times, this "*fou littéraire*" speaks with remarkable sense and shrewdness. There is many a wise man, now living, who, glancing alternately at the leaders of extreme religious parties in England, might utter, without risk of being charged with madness, what Bluet wrote, in a sort of sermon, in 1602. "Here are your preachers of the two faiths. The greater part of their discourses is to incite to the cutting of each other's throats. There is the preacher of the religion of the Philistines (Protestants); he will preach you to the tune that the poor Papists make a God out of paste and a silver goblet, and that they are idolaters. And then, there are your preachers of the Catholic faith, who will tell you that these Calvinists are dogs who will eat meat on any day. The Comte de Permission begs leave to inform you, on the part of God, that there is nothing good in the bandying of such words, . . . and that out of thirty thousand who go regularly to church there is not one who fulfils his duty." There is something very closely akin to this in Samuel Butler's 'Thoughts on various Subjects,' and the tone of it induces us to believe that, if Bluet d'Arbères had no wit of his own, he lent his name to gentlemen who had, and who knew how to exercise it. Or did he steal the ideas of other and better men, as in the following passage, in which M. Delepierre discovers an original idea,—which belongs, however, of right to Dante. In the farrago which makes up the *Livre d'Estrennes*, "Bluet," says M. Delepierre, "has the original idea of applying to the damned the alternations of extreme heat and cold. When it is daylight in the world, they who are in hell are tormented by ice and cold; because they once had the warmth to do evil, God wills that they be frosted by ice;—and when it is night in the world, then those in hell are tormented by fire," &c. What there is of originality in this, however, simply consists in the spoiling of the grander idea of Dante, in whose third division of the seven concentric circles of hell we find the gluttons wallowing in fetid mire, and battered by endless showers of gigantic ice,—while lower still we have the extreme contrast of offenders roasting for ever in glowing toms scattered over a gloomy plain, the air of which is as that of a million furnaces.

The most amusing portion of this contribution to the history of the "fools of literature," is that in which M. Delepierre cites from Bluet's pamphlet (1603), "on the liberality which I have met with in France, since 1599." This portion is incontestably useful to the literary and bibliographical history of the opening years of the seventeenth century. It shows in what degree the author was patronized or cheated. Occasionally, he appears to have found more than one Mæcenas of a liberal spirit. The King gives him a gold chain worth a hundred crowns, and besides his salary of a hundred francs, as many crowns are now and then added, with forty or fifty in honour of the birth of a prince. For presents from great personages, Bluet was, however, compelled occasionally to give a third to the guards who helped him to gain admission to them. Sometimes, he contracted hard bargains, as with the Duchess of Lorraine, who presented him with six crowns, "but," says Bluet, "I made her a present worth four." He was still worse off

with the Duke of Lorraine, to whom he gave a gaily illustrated book, for which he had refused fifteen crowns, and for which the shabby Duke gave him, in return, only half-a-dozen. One patron presented him with "four crowns the first time, then six crowns in three payments, then four francs, then six crowns in two payments, and one coat, out of which," says Bluet, "I made three, and six shirts." The Princess de Conti, like the ladies generally, was rather profuse, supplying the author's expenses, and decking him with "a coat which cost six-and-thirty crowns." Altogether, he had little occasion to look to his tailor's bills, for the Duke de Nemours presented him with a suit worth fifty crowns, and the Duchess de Longueville more than one fine embroidered mantle, and one especially described as being of "a zinzolin colour," which the readers of Scarron will remember as being of a lovely blue. In addition to many money gifts, we again find this cunning and lucky literary fool receiving six ells of velvet from the Prince d'Auvergne, and from other patrons a wonderful assortment of new and old clothes, and good and bad money;—cloaks, jackets, hose, hats, feathers, boots,—from the Bishop of Grenoble, a ream of paper, and from M. Laurens a flask of salad-oil! Very fine gentlemen passed off to him their counterfeit coin, some paid him altogether in promises, and some by disappointment of business-like expectations. The Bishop of Noyon was one of these. The prelate accepted Bluet's offering of a "beau chandelier," worth six crowns, but gave him in return only a miserable "cinq testons,"—not two and sixpence. We have his own description of how the author paid homage of his works to his patron. "Tuesday, the 17th of June, 1603, about one o'clock in the afternoon, I gave one of my large volumes to M. Seguier, standing at his door, and he told me to call on him the next day." Thus did this queer specimen of the literary man offer his wares to individuals standing at the doors of their houses, like a costermonger!

By such a process the half-crazed, but undoubtedly cunning, fellow, made out a very tolerable life of it. His sole thorn in the flesh was his universal love for all that wore petticoats generally; but he adored one Toinette in particular, and abused her heartily, to boot, in terms that must have been more than ordinarily unsavoury, since so zealous and faithful an antiquary as M. Delepierre "dares not reproduce" the emphatic phrases.

So lived the "fou littéraire" as sketched by the Belgian Consul. His death was as remarkable as his life was singular, and it illustrates also the condition of a brain, earnest but unsteady, and logical only when arguing from false premises. The plague was decimating France; poor Bluet was fixedly possessed with the notion that the devastation would be stayed if he made of himself an expiatory sacrifice. Accordingly, he starved himself to death,—a destiny common enough to authors of his class, but he is the only literary man on record who sought such an end of his own free will. Bluet was more heroic, perhaps, in his foolish suicide than the great chemist, the younger Berthollet, who, in the interest of science, surrounded himself in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, and that the world might know the consequent sensations experienced by him, registered them till the pen fell from his hand, and he fell dead from his chair.

Bluet has had his successors; of whom M. Delepierre notices some half-dozen, adding a promise to give fuller details of these eccentric authors at a future time. Till then, we defer touching on these singular individuals, grateful

meanwhile for the excellent sample we have here in the person of Bluet d'Arbères.

MINOR MINSTRELS.

THREE books of verse are before us of a quality which it is not easy to match by an epithet. Their writers desire to save us the trouble of so doing, it is true, by printing their own apologetic and pleasant delusions on the subject of the skill, grace, fancy, and high purpose set forth in their verses. But with or without preface, the collection, even among many of the kind which we have had to examine, is in some respects rare;—as the reader will admit on being shown a few specimens of its peculiarities.

Here, to begin, is *Marriage: a Religious Poem, respectfully dedicated to the Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland*. By a Trinity College Prizeman. (Hatchard.)—The title, the religion (without irreverence to a holy word), and the poetry of this pamphlet comically remind us of a pulpit description of marriage heard by us some years ago. "Marriage," said the preacher, "is a pious pastime!" But this marriage is no vulgar huckaback marriage: it is a grand and royal bridal—the poem is a marriage tribute to England's Princess Royal in particular, though addressed to Bishops in general.—

"The Lord from Sion loves to bless
And beautify the meek;"
Then for His sake, and thine, caress
The Bride you came to seek.

Yea, won her, too, and with her all
Our Queen can give to thee;
May ev'ry blessing on thee fall,
And thou Jerusalem see!

—Somehow, the "roughs," who, while overlooking the bridal embarkation at Gravesend, bawled out to the Prussian bridegroom, "Treat her kindly, do!"—were more poetical than this Trinity College Prizeman in his enamelled cover.

Blighted Pasque Flowers: a Plea for the Work-room. An Easter Offering. (Low & Son.)—Foppery and philanthropy do not make a pretty mixture. The

Pensive nun, devout and pure,

should be also

Sober, steadfast, and demure,

and not a *Corisca* be liable to the charge brought against mundane women, who delight in "wimples and crimping-pins." Nine out of ten—ninety-nine out of a hundred—readers, supposing them to be unacquainted with the vocabularies, and rubrics, and receipts, and reserves of a certain school, will ask "what is a pasque flower?" The old name, *anemone*—wind-flower—(which, as *Miggs* would say, is "*Pagin*") has the advantage. Further, for anything so fugitive in its bloom as the anemone, "blighted" is an epithet which is without meaning. Wind-flowers die at once. Thus, to come to our point, the waste of life in a London milliner's work-room,—where apprentices (otherwise "*pasque-flowers*") are stoved, stewed, and slowly fevered to death, in obedience to the late orders of *Lady Anarantha*, or some ancient *Evergreen*, who ought to know better than trouble her grey hairs about balls and dancing teas,—is according to no canon of symbolism accurately represented by the symbol chosen. Very foolish the book is; amounting to little more than a cry (not *Wisdom's* cry) in the streets—"Ladies! give your orders early!" The plea—and it is one to which every living and loving human creature will respond with heart and honesty—was wrought out as it should be in Mrs. Browning's *Marian Erle*,—admirably, too, (ere '*Aurora Leigh*' was thought of) by Miss Julia Day, whose poem of '*The Two Maudes*' haunts us.

Rhymes with a Reason, by B. (Piper & Co.), are misnamed. Reason is largely wanting,—but not wholly that "infirmary" which sets the dreamer a-rhyming. There is a touch of poetry in the four verses we give:—albeit, the third of them could hardly, in *bathos*, be exceeded.—

THE RAIN.

The rain has come unto the thirsting meads;
They have been standing with arms opened wide
To catch the glittering beads,
And they are satisfied.

To-morrow's sun will see them fresh and bright,
Fresh with the odours of the heaven-sent rain,
And through the day and night
They will not droop again.

The rain has come unto my thirsting soul,
My heart was set to catch the lifeful tide,
As it had been a bowl,
And I am satisfied.

To-morrow and to-morrow ever bright,
Fresh with the odour of the heaven-sent rain.
And in the coming night
It shall not droop again.

That, by quoting the above, we have done the best for our unreasonable rhymester we must prove by a verse from what is called '*A Song*,' which is "the rule" of the book,—the past extract amounting to "the exception."—

We are going to be married,
I and one other.
And for this simple reason,
We love one another.
She has no money,
And I am quite poor,
So what will the "world" say?
Oh! what will the "world" say?
The terrible world say?
I can't tell I'm sure.

—Perhaps—but who will be sanguine any more?
—there may come a day when the Poetry of Silence will become a fashion. Pleasant will such a time be for the poor critic.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Defence of Cawnpore by the Troops under the Orders of Major-Gen. Charles A. Windham, C.B., in November, 1857. Written by Lieut.-Col. John A. A. A. (Longman & Co.)—The object of this publication is to remove an unfavourable impression supposed to have gained ground with reference to Major-Gen. Windham's operations at Cawnpore in November last year. It will be remembered by most persons that the troops under his command there sustained a disaster, and that much criminality ensued. This friendly memoir—which may be open to military commentary—describes the succession of circumstances, from the departure of Sir Colin Campbell for the final relief of Lucknow to his supplementary representation of General Windham's service at Calcutta. We are content, inferring nothing, to say that the narrative as here developed, with every appearance of accuracy and good faith, is favourable to the officer temporarily in command of the Cawnpore brigade, notwithstanding the calamity which befell a portion of his troops. He had, at first, rather more than five hundred men to garrison the Cawnpore town and intrenchment; afterwards, when danger threatened, the number was a little more than trebled. It was then that General Windham, with a powerful force pressing upon his position at irregular distances and in unequal detachments, resolved if possible to cope with them. The story of all that followed is not to be explained without introducing a number of particulars upon which Lieut.-Col. A. A. A. very properly dwells, but for which we must refer to his lucid and ingenious volume. It is to be noticed, however, that among the official despatches quoted is one from Sir Colin Campbell to the Governor-General, adding to his colourless statement of December 10, a warmer allusion "as a matter of justice" to "the great difficulties in which Major-Gen. Windham, C.B., was placed during the operations he describes."

Railways in Egypt; Communication with India.

—If the statistics of this pamphlet be correct, and we have been unable to discover any flaw in them, the railroad from Alexandria to Suez is as ill planned and as ill conducted as the most fervid Oriental imagination could suppose possible. Though labour is wonderfully cheap in Egypt, though a perfectly level line of country might have been found, and land was to be had for the asking, the Pasha has so contrived it that the transport of both passengers and goods costs vastly more than in England, where all these favourable circumstances are reversed. The gradients of the line at present under construction between Cairo and Suez are so steep that in some places four assistant engines will be required, and water there is none; so that "the train mileage for water traffic will always be $\frac{1}{4}$ of the train mileage of all other traffic." In the mean time, the most dreadful disasters have taken place in laying down the line at such a distance from the precious fluid. Parties of several hundred labourers have been lost in the Desert search-

ing for water, having missed their way to the Wady Tournellat, or ancient Goshen, which is watered by a canal, and through which the line of railway should have passed. If these blunders be sad and distressing to our human feelings, others are ludicrous, but equally distressing to our pockets. The classification of goods for transport, and the charges thereon, are such that we can hardly imagine any one, but the celebrated simpleton Khusaib, who according to Oriental writers once ruled Egypt, to have devised them. Butter and eggs are charged 33 per cent. more than clocks, mirrors, and silks,—so that 2s. 6d. a pound must be paid for butter in Alexandria, though it may be got in Cairo for 7d. A merchant may send 400l. worth of silk for the same sum to Alexandria that he can send 15s. worth of eggs,—and indigo, cochineal, or tortoiseshell, which is eight hundred times dearer than wood or coke, can be transported at the same expense. On the Madras railway a ton of cotton is carried for about 3d. per mile, but in Egypt for 8½d. In short, one single fact is sufficient to prove the folly of the Egyptian railway regulations. It is this, the cost of transporting 5½ tons of cotton from Alexandria to Cairo costs 8s. 6d. more than the carriage of the same from Alexandria to Manchester!

The Ladies of Bever Hollow: a Tale of English Country Life. By the Author of 'Mary Powell.' 2 vols. (Bentley).—This is a thoroughly English story. The locality in which the incidents occur is shown, not only by the direct information on that subject and by the scenic descriptions, but in the characters of the actors. The maiden ladies are such as are grown in our own soil:—the country doctors are the real English article. The parson and his family (though made perhaps a little too happy and good) are natural, and have much of the charm of Dr. Primrose and his children. There are none of those Italian brigands, disguised in smockfrocks, that too often appear in novels of this class,—no tragedy queens escaped from the footlights, and trying to pass for English ladies. So well is the rustic colouring preserved, that we fancy that a physician might successfully recommend the perusal of these volumes to any patient, having a fair amount of imagination, instead of a change of air. The story is simple enough, and it would be a waste of time to narrate it. There is not a murder, or a duel, or an elopement, or a downright villain, in the book. How, then, can it possess any interest? Simply from the fact, that the characters are drawn from Nature, and interest us by their virtues or their foibles, their strength or their weakness, their wisdom or their folly. We feel that they are not the old property-characters from the novelist's stores. They *might* have lived. We persuade ourselves that they *did* live,—and therefore when Mrs. Althea tumbles off her sofa, or that excellent lady's kitchen chimney is on fire, we feel the same interest in the event that we should do had the like misfortune happened to our own dear living Aunt Margery herself. The ladies of Bever Hollow are two elderly spinsters, who eke out a small income by managing a farm. The elder lady, Mrs. Althea Hall, is the heroine of the book, and a confirmed invalid, who lives on a couch, giving good advice, and doing good so far as she can. Her patience under her disease, and the far heavier trial of a visitation from a spiteful friend who insists upon staying with her, are cleverly illustrated in her conversations; while an occasional spark of temper asserts that she is human, and saves us from the weariness always attendant on reading of perfection. The younger sister is a rough diamond,—a lady who, with a weaker mind, has a far stronger body than her sister, and understands bullocks, &c. There is a very brisk and amusing young doctor,—a poor clergyman, with a clever daughter, made and provided by nature for the brisk young doctor,—a young lady, less clever, but very good,—and a young widower of fortune, admirably adapted for her. There is likewise a very life-like female mischief-maker. Not only do the couples prepared for each other duly come together; but the author, in a fit of poetical mercy rather than justice, finds a husband even for the mischief-maker herself. The incidents are, as we have hinted, slight, and not exciting; but the characters

are well drawn, and the conversations being full of life and spirit, the interest never for a moment flags. The Author of 'Mary Powell' has in this picture of country life proved herself a literary Gainsborough.

Hartley Hall. (J. Blackwood).—This is an attempt at writing a novel after the manner of Bulwer, but not a very successful one. The workmanship is coarse—the parts intended to be serious are incoherent and spasmodic; the light comedy is written with facetiousness and prepossession, and the sentimental morality might suit the "happy peasantry" in a ballet, but would hardly bear closer inspection for real life. There is, moreover, a tinge of vulgarity over the whole performance, which gives it an unpleasant effect, and is more disagreeable than faults more liable to be "whipped of justice;" nevertheless, there is vigour and a certain notion of making out a plot and furnishing it with incidents that suggest a hope that by painstaking and cultivation the author may write something worth reading; but we fear he considers himself far too clever a fellow to receive either advice or criticism, and we are not prepared to accept him, as he comes before us, in 'Hartley Hall.'

Will He Marry Her? By the Author of 'Too Clever by Half.' (Routledge & Co.).—This is a slight story which has the briskness of soda-water, though the writer would fain have it pass for champagne. The story is unreal and unlikely, but it is mixed up with incidents of old Indian warfare—the Battles of Aliwal and the Sutlej; and the real actors are called up and paraded with a certain Dumas-like vivacity, so that the reader accepts them with a *quasi* faith in their authenticity, and as the weather is too hot for either criticism or controversy—the book passes muster for the half-hour required to look it through. Little exertion is required to read it, and we should imagine that as little had been expended to write it.

Edith; or, Life's Changes. (Dublin, Robertson).—This is the material of a three-volume novel in a highly compendious abridgment. The author has talent, but not the skill or practice to make it adequately available. The style is sentimental and affected in parts, but in others shows that the author can be natural when she pleases. In spite of a good deal of sheer nonsense and marks of weakness and indecision of touch which keep the story out of the pale of regular criticism, there are also indications of a faculty for writing a readable story which requires care and cultivation to bring it to a bearing, and we feel by no means assured that the author possesses the requisite industry to train herself to do all that she may be capable of doing. If she have this power of industry, we may hear of her again.

The House of Camelot: a Tale of the Olden Times. By Mary Linwood. 2 vols. (Hope).—There seems a taste amongst young authoresses at present to try their hand on remote historical novels—which they make considerably modern in language and sentiment. These books rank with tapestry-work, imitation illuminated borders, and fancy-dress quadrilles,—all in their way reminiscences of "good old times," but not bringing back either the body or the spirit of the time. Our opinion of these mock-historical stories has already been recorded, and 'The House of Camelot' must take its place amongst the books that might have been left unwritten without detriment to either author or reader. It is not an amusing book, and no exertion of fancy could make it into an instructive one.

Chemistry of Agriculture. By Charles A. Cameron, M.D. (Dublin, Kelly).—This work consists of the substance of a course of lectures delivered by Mr. Cameron before the agricultural section of the Dublin Chemical Society. It is chiefly devoted to the consideration of the Food of Plants and the nature and qualities of Manures. In the present state of agriculture it would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the study of chemistry to the agriculturist. The whole of his operations depend on the supply and collection of substances which undergo a great chemical change. In order to secure the certainty or perfection of his art, he must understand the nature

and properties of the materials he employs, and over which he is called to exercise his control. Just in proportion to the amount of his knowledge of the chemistry of the life of plants will be his power to do this, and not until he understands the nature of every vital change as thoroughly as the watchmaker understands every action of every part of a watch will he be able to rest in his attainments. The science of chemistry has not yet sufficiently advanced to effect this, but if chemistry is behindhand, the farmer is still more so. It is grievous to see a body of men so blind to their own interests, and pursuing with so much stolid satisfaction a course which every tyro in chemistry could point out as wasteful and absurd. There is, however, one satisfaction, and that is that the way is being opened to better things. We have an agricultural college, and agricultural journals, and abundance of agricultural books, and if persons will not learn what chemistry can do for them it is their own fault. This little book of Mr. Cameron's is intended for their benefit, and contains in a brief space a very fair outline of the subject of the chemistry of the life of the plant and the laws of its growth. No young agriculturist could read it without benefit, and those especially who have started a laboratory, and begun to think and work for themselves, will find it a valuable addition to their agricultural library.

The History of France, from the Conquest of Gaul by the Romans to the Peace of 1556. By A. B. Edwards. (Routledge & Co.).—Miss Edwards has evidently run through her task in a hurry. This is but a broken sketch of French history, and what there is of the mutilated narrative is of a most misleading tendency. The compiler picks up every sort of absurd tradition, ancient and modern, and when dealing with recent events absolutely forgets to notice the most important of all—that which overthrew the French Republic of 1848. Restricted "within the narrow limits of six sheets," and also "pressed for time," Miss Amelia Edwards may deserve no particular censure for having produced a volume of no historical authenticity whatever,—but we can imagine no class of persons, young or old, who will gain by becoming her readers.

The Art of Extempore Speaking: Hints for the Pulpit, the Senate, and the Bar. By M. Bautain. Translated from the French. (Bosworth & Harrison).—M. Bautain, Vicar-General and Professor at the Sorbonne, regards oratory as almost the highest of human accomplishments, and there are those who share his opinion. This, however, is not a treatise upon elocution or rhetoric, but a book of suggestions for men who would practise extempore speaking, especially in the pulpit. In every such work, much that the author says is almost necessarily trite and conventional, oratory being among the arts which cannot be taught, particularly when the aim is to give instructions in improvisation—itsself the work of impulse, of emotion, of spontaneous self-kindled energy. However, it may be profitable to the younger race of speakers, whether in debating societies or upon broader platforms, to study M. Bautain's disquisition on the parts of an extempore discourse, their essential qualifications and preliminaries, the mental aptitudes which it is possible to acquire, the physical qualities which cannot be disregarded, the scientific treatment of a subject, the logical order to be observed, the rules generally to be obeyed. The book has this advantage over many others written with a similar object,—that it is itself eloquent, forcible, full of apposite illustration. M. Bautain, who acknowledges the difficulty of winding up with effect an improved sermon or oration—sermons and orations being very rarely improvised in a genuine manner anywhere—has a chapter on the bodily training requisite for those who habitually speak in public, the conclusions of which may alarm some unapplauded Ciceros. In extemporization, he says, the head is strained to the utmost, the lungs are made to act convulsively, the larynx expands and contracts precipitately, the nervous system is wound up to the highest point, the muscles of the entire frame vibrate, the blood warms, boils, and shoots fire through the whole organization, and this frequently succeeds to a state of depression and relaxation common to orators not yet delivered of

their orations. M. Bautain has produced an essay remarkably practical and interesting.

Millicent; or, our English Homes of the Present Day. By A. V. Beresford. 2 vols. (Göttingen, Wigand.)—This seems to be an English novel published abroad; though we are not sure whether some outside voice may not assure us that it is merely the foreign reprint of a piece of dullness, belonging to those circulating library shelves, where 'Mount Henneth' and 'The Castle of Hardayne' sleep in the well-merited dust of oblivion. Having guarded ourselves against possibly telling a twice-told tale, we have little to say in respect to 'Millicent.' This is a rambling over many stories which do not make one story, by an imaginary old maid, who perpetually assures us (in this not self-deceived) that she is unattractive and not wise. The author seems not to be able to choose betwixt high and low life; but whether she roam—

Up stairs, down stairs, or in my lady's chamber, she is alike inelegant, prosy,—vibrating betwixt vulgarity and sentimentality; perpetually letting the thread of the interest escape her, in order that she may exhibit those tricks of style which in a person at her time of life are anything rather than attractive.

Thy Word is Truth: an Apology for Christianity, is the title of a new volume by Dr. Cumming.—From a writer of similar tendencies—the Rev. E. Huntingford, D.C.L.—we have *The Voice of the Last Prophet: a Practical Interpretation of the Apocalypse.*—An *Angel's Message* is a book which professes to contain "a series of angelic and holy communications received by a lady." It is dull nonsense.—The Rev. Richard Dill, in *The Presbyterian and Protestant Disserter in the Army and Navy*, enters largely and closely into practical discussions of interest to particular classes of readers.—*Evangelical Meditations* constitute a series of thoughtful and original discourses, translated from the French of the late Dr. Alexandre Vinet, of Lausanne, by Prof. Edward Masson.—*Popular Errors, in 1857, exposed,* by R. G. Hunt.—*Mohamet versus the Pope,* by Charles Girdlestone, M.A.—*The Hymns and Canticles of the United Church of England and Ireland,* by Edward S. Spark,—and *The Mosaic Account of the Creation distinguished from Geology,* by the Rev. T. Drake, M.A., are tracts which claim no particular description.—The Rev. Hugh M'Sorley, B.A., in *Thoughts on Popery*, develops energy into violence.—Mr. Alfred Jones publishes a lecture, entitled *The Union of Religious and Social Science*,—and Mr. E. C. Tainsh, in a similar form, a prize essay *On the Best Means of making the Schoolmaster's Function more Efficient than it has hitherto been in Preventing Misery and Crime.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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PROF. FARADAY ON SCIENCE AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION.

THE development of the applications of physical science in modern times has become so large and so essential to the well-being of man that it may justly be used, as illustrating the true character of pure science, as a department of knowledge, and the claims it may have for consideration by governments, universities, and all bodies to whom is confided the fostering care and direction of learning. As a branch of learning, men are beginning to recognize the claim of science to its own particular place;—for, though flowing in channels utterly different in their course and end to those of literature, it conduces not less, as a means of instruction, to the discipline of the mind; whilst it ministers, more or less, to the wants, comforts, and proper pleasure, both mental and bodily, of every individual of every class in life. Until of late years the education for, and recognition of, it by the bodies which may be considered as giving the general course of all education, have been chiefly directed to it only as it could serve professional services,—namely, those which are remunerated by society; but now the fitness of university degrees in science is under consideration, and many are taking a high view of it, as distinguished from literature, and think that it may well be studied for its own sake,—i. e., as a proper exercise of the human intelligence, able to bring into action and development all the powers of the mind. As a branch of learning, it has (without reference to its applications) become as extensive and varied as literature; and it has this privilege, that it must ever go on increasing. Thus it becomes a duty to foster, direct, and honour it, as literature is so guided and recognized; and the duty is the more imperative, as we find by the unguished progress of science and the experience it supplies, that of those men who devote themselves to studious education, there are as many whose minds are constitutionally disposed to the studies supplied by it, as there are of others more fitted by inclination and power to pursue literature. The value of the public recognition of science as a leading branch of education may be estimated in a very considerable degree by observation of the results of the education which it has obtained incidentally from those who, pursuing it, have educated themselves. Though men may be specially fitted by the nature of their minds for the attainment and advance of literature, science, or the fine arts, all these men, and all others, require first to be educated in that which is known in these respective mental paths; and when they go beyond this preliminary teaching, they require a self-education directed (at least in science) to the highest reasoning power of the mind. Any part of pure science may be selected to show how much this private self-teaching has done, and by that to aid the present movement in favour of the recognition generally of scientific education in an equal degree with that which is literary; but perhaps electricity, as being the portion which has been left most to its own development, and has produced as its results the most enduring marks on the face of the globe, may be referred to. In 1800 Volta discovered the voltaic pile; giving a source and form of electricity before unknown. It was not an accident, but resulted from his own mental self-education: it was, at first, a feeble instrument, giving feeble results; but by the united mental exertions of other men, who educated themselves through the force of thought and experiment, it has been raised up to such a degree of power as to give us light, and heat, and magnetic and chemical action, in states more exalted than those supplied by any other means. In 1819 Oersted discovered the magnetism of the electric current, and its relation to the magnetic needle; and as an immediate consequence, other men, as Arago and Davy, instructing themselves by the partial laws and action of the bodies concerned, magnetized iron by the current. The results were so feeble at first as to be scarcely visible; but, by the exertion of self-taught men since then, they have been exalted so highly as to give us magnets of a force unimaginable in former times. In 1831 the induction of electrical

currents one by another, and the evolution of electricity from magnets was observed,—at first in results so small and feeble, that it required one much instructed in the pursuit to perceive and lay hold of them; but these feeble results, taken into the minds of men already partially educated and ever proceeding onwards in their self-education, have been so developed as to supply sources of electricity independent of the voltaic battery or the electric machine, yet having the power of both combined in a manner and degree which they, neither separate nor together, could ever have given it, and applicable to all the practical electrical purposes of life. To consider all the departments of electricity fully, would be to lose the argument for its fitness in subserving education in the vastness of its extent; and it will be better to confine the attention to one application, as the electric telegraph, and even to one small part of that application, in the present case. Thoughts of an electric telegraph came over the minds of those who had been instructed in the nature of electricity as soon as the conduction of that power with extreme swiftness through metals was known, and grew as the knowledge of that branch of science increased. The thought, as realized at the present day, includes a wonderful amount of study and development. As the end in view presented itself more and more distinctly, points at first apparently of no consequence to the knowledge of the science generally rose into an importance which obtained for them the most careful culture and examination, and the almost exclusive exercise of minds whose powers of judgment and reasoning had been raised first by general education, and who, in addition, had acquired the special kind of education which the science in its previous state could give. Numerous and important as the points are, which have been already recognized, others are continually coming into sight as the great development proceeds, and with a rapidity such as to make us believe that much as there is known to us, the unknown far exceeds it; and that, extensive as is the teaching of method, facts, and law, which can be established at present, an education looking for far greater results should be favoured and preserved. The results already obtained are so large as even in money value to be of very great importance,—as regards their higher influence upon the human mind, especially when that is considered in respect of cultivation, I trust they are, and ever will be, far greater. No intention exists here of comparing one telegraph with another, or of assigning their respective dates, merits, or special uses. Those of Mr. Wheatstone are selected for the visible illustration of a brief argument in favour of a large public recognition of scientific education, because he is a man both of science and practice, and was one of the very earliest in the field, and because certain large steps in the course of his telegraphic life will tell upon the general argument. Without referring to what he had done previously, it may be observed that in 1840 he took out patents for electric telegraphs, which included, amongst other things, the use of the electricity from magnets at the communicator,—the dial face,—the step-by-step motion,—and the electro-magnet at the indicator. At the present time, 1858, he has taken out patents for instruments containing all these points; but these instruments are so altered and varied in character above the former that an untaught person could not recognize them. The changes may be considered as the result of education upon the one mind which has been concerned with them, and are to me strong illustrations of the effects which general scientific education may be expected to produce. In the first instruments powerful magnets were used, and keepers with heavy coils associated with them. When magnetic electricity was first discovered, the signs were feeble, and the mind of the student was led to increase the results by increasing the force and size of the instruments. When the object was to obtain a current sufficient to give signals through long circuits, large apparatus were employed, but these involved the inconveniences of inertia and momentum; the keeper was not set in motion at once, nor instantly stopped; and, if connected directly with the reading indexes, these

circumstances caused an occasional uncertainty of action. Prepared by its previous education, the mind could perceive the disadvantages of these influences, and could proceed to their removal; and now a small magnet is used to send sufficient currents through 12, 20, 50, 100, or several hundred miles; a keeper and helix is associated with it, which the hand can easily put in motion; and the currents are not sent out of the indicating instrument to tell their story, until a key is depressed, and thus irregularity contingent upon first action is removed. A small magnet, ever ready for action and never wasting, can replace the voltaic battery; if powerful agencies be required, the electro-magnet can be employed without any change in principle or telegraphic practice; and as magneto-electric currents have special advantages over voltaic currents, these are in every case retained. These advantages I consider as the results of scientific education, much of it not tutorial, but of self: but there is a special privilege about the science-branch of education, namely, that what is personal in the first instance immediately becomes an addition to the stock of scientific learning, and passes into the hands of the tutor, to be used by him in the education of others, and enable them in turn to educate themselves. How well may the young man entering upon his duties in electricity be taught by what is past to watch for the smallest signs of action, new or old; to nurse them up by any means until they have gained strength; then to study their laws, to eliminate the essential conditions from the non-essential, and at last, to refine again, until the encumbering matter is as much as possible dismissed, and the power left in its highly developed and most exalted state. The alterations or successions of currents produced by the movement of the keeper at the communicator, pass along the wire to the indicator at a distance; there each one for itself confers a magnetic condition on a piece of soft iron, and renders it attractive or repulsive of small permanent magnets; and these acting in turn on a propellant, cause the index to pass at will from one letter to another on the dial face. The first electro-magnets, i.e., those made by the circulation of an electric current round a piece of soft iron, were weak; they were quickly strengthened, and it was only when they were strong, that their laws and actions could be successfully investigated. But now they were required small, yet potential. Then came the teaching of Ohm's law; and it was only by patient study under such teaching that Wheatstone was able so to refine the little electro-magnets at the indicator as that they should be small enough to consist with the fine work there employed, able to do their appointed work when excited in contrary directions by the brief currents flowing from the original common magnet, and unobjectionable in respect of any resistance they might offer to the transit of these tell-tale currents. These small transitory electro-magnets attract and repel certain permanent magnetic needles, and the to-and-fro motion of the latter is communicated by a propellant to the index, being there converted into a step-by-step motion. Here everything is of the finest workmanship; the propellant itself requires to be watched by a lens, if its action is to be observed; the parts never leave hold of each other; the vibratory or rotatory ratchet wheel and the fixed pallets are always touching, and thus allow of no detachment or loose shake; the holes of the axes are jewelled; the moving parts are most carefully balanced,—a consequence of which is that agitation of the whole does not disturb the parts, and the telegraph works just as well when it is twisted about in the hands, or placed on board a ship or in a railway carriage, as when fixed immovably. When it is possible, as in the vibratory needle, the moving parts are brought near to the centre of motion, that the inertia of the portion to be moved, or the momentum of that to be stopped, should be as small as possible, and thus great quickness of indication obtained. All this delicacy of arrangement and workmanship is introduced advisedly; for the inventor, whom I may call the student here, considers that refined and perfect workmanship is more exact in its action, more unchangeable by time and use, and more enduring in its existence, than that which being heavier

must be coarser in its workmanship, less regular in its action, and less fitted for the application of force by fine electric currents. Now there was no accident in the course of these developments;—if there were experiments, they were directed by the previously acquired knowledge;—every part of the investigations was made and guided by the instructed mind. The results being such (and like illustrations might be drawn from other men's telegraphs or from other departments of electrical science), then, if the term education may be understood in so large a sense as to include all that belongs to the improvement of the mind either by the acquisition of the knowledge of others or by increase of it through its own exertions, we learn by them what is the kind of education science offers to man. It teaches us to be neglectful of nothing;—not to despise the small beginnings, for they precede of necessity all great things in the knowledge of science, either pure or applied. It teaches a continual comparison of the *small and great*, and that under differences almost approaching the infinite: for the small as often contains the great in principle as the great does the small; and thus the mind becomes comprehensive. It teaches to deduce principles carefully, to hold them firmly, or to suspend the judgment:—to discover and obey law, and by it to be bold in applying to the greatest what we know of the smallest. It teaches us first by tutors and books to learn that which is already known to others, and then by the light and methods which belong to science to learn for ourselves and for others;—so making a fruitful return to man in the future for that which we have obtained from the men of the past. Bacon, in his instruction, tells us that the scientific student ought not to be as the ant who gathers merely, nor as the spider who spins from her own bowels, but rather as the bee, who both gathers and produces. All this is true of the teaching afforded by any part of physical science. Electricity is often called wonderful—beautiful;—but it is so only in common with the other forces of nature. The beauty of electricity, or of any other force, is not that the power is mysterious and unexpected, touching every sense at unawares in turn, but that it is under law, and that the taught intellect can even now govern it largely. The human mind is placed above, not beneath it; and it is in such a point of view that the mental education afforded by science is rendered supereminent in dignity, in practical application, and utility; for, by enabling the mind to apply the natural power through law, it conveys the gifts of God to man.

FORTE BRANDA AND THE CASENTINO.

Per Fonte Branda non daret la vista.—*Inf.* xxx. v. 78.
Newington Butts, Surrey.

It is now very generally known that the Fonte Branda to which Dante here refers is the one situated beneath the walls of the Castle of Roma in the Casentino; but it is not equally well known how this fact was ascertained, and that we are indebted for its discovery to an Englishman.

There is no part of the Tuscan territory more intimately associated with the memory of Dante than the Casentino, none with which he was more familiar, or which he has more graphically described; though rarely seen by our flying tourists, and little visited even by residents in Florence, lying high up among the mountains to the north, out of the road of ordinary travellers, with a climate scarcely Italian, and a soil where the oak-tree takes the place of the olive, where the people preserve much of their primitive simplicity, and can afford but poor accommodation to fastidious Forestieri,—yet is this well-watered and fertile valley, through which the Arno, fresh from its rocky source in Falterona, flows on fed by tributary streams, not only a green and grateful retreat in summer, but a locality remarkable for its picturesque beauty, no less than for its historical interest.

Here is the field of Campaldino, where Dante, then a stripling in arms, commenced as a Guelph his political career, fighting in the front rank of the Florentine cavalry against the Aretini and the Ghibelline *fuorusciti* of his native city; and here, twenty-two years later, he may be said to have

closed it, when, from the Castle of Porciano, “sub fontem Sarni,” he wrote, as an uncompromising Ghibelline, his memorable letter to the Emperor Henry the Seventh, urging him without delay to march against the rebellious Florentines.

Here is the pleasant town of Bibiena, perched upon a hill whence we look down upon the Archiano,

Che sovra l'Erno nasce in Apennino,

and tracing its course to the Arno, may observe where Buonconte di Montefeltro, Captain-General of the Aretini in the disastrous battle,

Fuggendo a piede, e insanguinando l' piano,
sank down and died.

In front extends the long dark ridge of “Pratomagno,” which circling round joins the “gran giogo,” and the lofty Falterona closes in the view.

Not far away, among the mountain fastnesses, is found “il duro sasso,” where St. Francis—

— intra Tevere ed Arno
Da Cristo prese l'ultimo sigillo
Che le sue membra d' anni portarono.

Beyond Bibiena, and higher up the stream, is the still stately town of Poppi; like the former, it crowns the summit of a hill, and with its dignified Palazzo del Podestà, built by that Lapo who afterwards erected a similar edifice at Florence, and whose design was imitated by Arnolfo in the Palazzo dei Signori, looks like the very metropolis of the valley bristling in all the pomp of towers and battlements. Poppi and its palace recall to mind the interesting history of the “buona Gualdrada,” whose modesty and firmness, as related by Boccaccio, procured for her the richest dowry of any maiden in Tuscany, and whose grandson, “Guidoguerra,” is introduced by Dante as distinguished alike in counsel and in war.

In the same direction, looking up the valley, is the field of Campaldino, of which from Poppi we obtain a very good view. Beyond, on higher ground, are the dismantled walls of the Castle of Roma, the stronghold of the Conti Guidi, and in the neighbourhood are the villages of Stia, Prato Vecchio, and Borgo alla Collina, at which latter Cristoforo Landino had a country seat.

On entering the Casentino from Florence we have to pass the “Consuma,” a mountain ridge not incorrectly named; and about five miles down the descent, where the valley of the Casentino opens up in all its romantic beauty, is a poor wayside inn called “L'Uomo Morto,”—“an object,” says Mr. Forsyth, who one night was forced to sleep there, “as woful in aspect as in name,” and not improved in either when I passed that way nearly half a century later. Some three hundred yards distant, at a spot where the ancient high-road to the Casentino was joined by another from the northward, thus forming a *trivio*, is a heap of stones called “*Il mucchio dell' uomo morto*,”—and here, according to the learned, for the tradition among the unlearned is somewhat different, the Florentines committed the body of Maestro Adamo to the flames for having falsified their golden florins. “Maestro Adamo” was a native of Brescia, who, at the requisition of the Conti Guidi of Roma, had undertaken this dangerous business, and was thus punished for it by the citizens of Florence. Dante introduces him in Hell gasping for a drop of water, and with the remembrance of the refreshing rivulets of the Casentino, ever pictured to his mind, increasing his misery. He says:—

Li ruscellletti, che de' verdi colli
Del Casentin discendon giu in Arno,
Facendo i lor canali e freddi e molli,
Sempre mi stanno innanzi, e non indarno,
Chè l' imagine lor via più m' acciuga,
Chè l' male, ond' io nel volto mi disciugo.

Ivi è Roma, là dov' io falsai
La lega suggellata del Batista,
Perch' io il corpo suo arso lasciai.
Ma s' io vedessi qui l'anima trista
Di Guido, o d' Alessandro, o di lor frate;
Per Fonte Branda non daret la vista.

Ever since the days of Dante, with a pertinacity peculiar to those who persist in propagating error, commentators, with one accord, have, until very recently, told us that the fountain here mentioned is the celebrated fountain of this name at Siena.

It is to Capt. F. C. Brooke, of Ufford, near Woodbridge, that we are indebted for the demonstration that it is the Fonte Branda at Roma.

There are in the Casentino two fountains of this name, one at Romena, one at Borgo alla Collina,—Landino notices neither, though he might have seen the latter from the windows of his own villa.

Bandini, who was born in 1726 and died in 1800, in a manuscript in the Marcelliana at Florence, mentions that the Signor Dott. Fabri noted in his copy of the 'Divina Commedia' on this place.—"Fare che deva piuttosto intendersi di quella fonte, che è vicina a Romena, e che chiamasi fonte Branda anche essa, e non di quella di Siena." Our Forsyth also, whose mind was open to the perception of truth, speaks of the Castle of Romena "in ruins on a precipice about a mile from our inn, and not far off is a spring which the peasants call Fonte Branda. Might I presume to differ from his commentators, Dante, in my opinion, does not mean the great fountain of Siena, but rather this obscure spring, which though less known to the world was an object more familiar to the poet himself, who took refuge here from proscription, and an image more natural to the coiner who was burnt on the spot."

Other authors and antiquaries have also alluded to this subject, but in the controversy, the claims of the Fonte Branda at Borgo alla Collina, as the more important of the two and still in use, came to be advocated rather than those of its humbler namesake known among the country people as the Fontanella. There were, therefore, two questions to be decided, for Borgo alla Collina is not far from Romena. Did Dante mean Fonte Branda in the Casentino?—if so, where exactly was it situate? Capt. Brooke visited Romena in 1844; and here, reading over the Episode of Maestro Adamo, it occurred to him, as it had to Mr. Forsyth, that Dante's Fonte Branda must have been in the immediate vicinity of the Castle. Walking round the Castle Hill and examining the ground, he discovered on the south side what had been a fountain, for its supply of water was then cut off. On the south side, and within the Castle walls, there had formerly been an Oratory dedicated to Santa Maria Maddalena Penitente, with a house for the Cappellaro and a small hospital for the relief of pilgrims and poor travellers, and these buildings, says Bandini in his manuscript, were thrown down by an earthquake, according to the assertion of certain elderly people of the neighbourhood whose names he mentions. Possibly, as Capt. Brooke suggests, this earthquake alluded to may have been the one noticed by Repetti as having occurred in 1729.

Sleeping that night at Stia, an intelligent young priest brought him a manuscript containing the proceedings of a confraternity of Romena, "la compagnia della gloriosa Virgine Maria, e di Santo Egidio," who were the especial advocates and protectors of the said Castle of Romena and the inmates thereof, newly arranged and made by order of the Prior of the said company, and other pious and influential persons whose names and titles are therein given. In this book the writer states that in the year 1599, on the 16th of November, an earthquake did great damage at Romena, and specifies, among other injuries occasioned, what befell the hospital of "Santa Maria Maddalena Penitente, *dalla parte verso fonte di Branda*," &c.,—thus proving the existence of a fountain of that name at Romena and its proximity to the hospital. This hospital was on the south side of the Castle, and it was precisely there where Capt. Brooke had discovered in the morning the remains of a Fountain. In 1847 I spent a summer *villeggiatura* in the Casentino, and made a sketch of this fountain, which presented a rather forlorn aspect compared with its namesake at Borgo alla Collina, and consisted of a dry spout set in a deeply recessed arch in the wall overtopped with venerable ivy. Lord Vernon had an engraving made of it from a drawing taken for his illustrated Dante, and had intended, I believe, at one time also to have a suitable inscription put up; but there was none when I saw it, the water had then been cut off for about twenty years, so probably it was thought that the water ought to be laid on again before the fountain was thus publicly baptized.

H. C. BARLOW, M.D.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Fourth Estate is often symbolized by Aaron's rod. In popular belief—the Paper Estate rules the other three Estates, even when it mercifully abstains from swallowing them up. If this power be not a dream, what a splendid proof it must give Mr. Disraeli of patriotic unselfish sacrifice! Statesmen long ago pronounced for abolition of the paper duties—as Mr. Disraeli now does—at least in principle,—and yet for years and years the Press has scarcely ever raised its voice in favour of a reform that would stop at once an ancient and enormous robbery of its funds. Aaron's rod, instead of swallowing up the rest, basks lazily in the sun, while they viciously bite off its tail. And it only wriggles and goes again to sleep. No reason ever has been given, or ever can be given, why thought, imagination, and intelligence should pay toll of more than a million per annum for a right of way where everything else is free. Cotton is not so taxed. Corn pays no toll. Then why tax paper? Why should a lyric, a novel, a history, a review, or a newspaper come under the hand of an exciseman? Why should paper be more heavily weighted than the skins on which deeds are drawn, bargains recorded, property transferred? A conference of the metropolitan press will be held, we are glad to say, in a few days, to inquire why letters alone are now intercepted by the Excise—and a heavy prohibitive fine levied on fact, on song, on news, on truth—as if these spiritual blessings ranked with opium or gin—articles which good men here and there believe that Governments ought to interdict. Mr. Gibson will be present, and we would urge our brethren of the press to assist at the inquiry. Is it not monstrous that writers and readers, though the warmest friends in the world, may not shake hands without paying a fine to the Exchequer of a million a year? Is it not absurd that while Government is enforced to spend vast sums in promoting popular education it should not see the impolicy of inflicting heavy fines on those who are educating all classes of the people free of charge to the State? Away with these restrictions on intellectual light and air—on speed, on discovery, on discussion. Let the press declare against the wrong, and the wrong will have to cease. The case is proved. The time has come. No impost in the whole book of rates can match in absurdity and injuriousness with this tax on paper. It must be abolished. Public intelligence must be free.

Lord Portman, as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Somerset, has received in trust from the executors of the late Mr. Pigott, of Brockley Court, a valuable collection of drawings, illustrative of the architecture of Somersetshire. These drawings Lord Portman has placed in the hands of trustees for the use of the county,—and we presume they will be ultimately thrown open to public inspection in a fitting hall at Taunton or elsewhere.

Two very important acquisitions have lately been made at the National Portrait Gallery, in Great George Street, Westminster—one is a small portrait of Burns from the life, by Nasmyth, and touched upon by Sir Henry Raeburn, a glorious combination of names indeed; and, moreover, a generous presentation from a well-recognized appreciator of good works, Mr. John Dillon. The second picture, on a large scale, is a most effective portrait of Sir James Mackintosh, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The poor engraving prefixed to the first volume of the life gives no notion of the force which the painting really possesses. He is represented in the scarlet gown of a Judge in India. It is a donation from the historian's son, Mr. R. I. Mackintosh, and we have no doubt that, when more generally known, these examples may lead to numerous instances of similar liberality and proper feelings of family pride among those who inherit both name and fame.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society an ingenious and curious apparatus was exhibited, displaying the rotation of a metallic sphere by electricity. The apparatus was contrived by Mr. Gore, of Birmingham, who states that his experiments had their origin in a phenomenon observed by Mr. Fearn, of Birmingham, in his electro-

gilding establishment—that a tube of brass half-an-inch in diameter and 4 feet long, placed upon two horizontal and parallel brass tubes, 1 inch in diameter, and 9 feet long, and at right angles to them, and the latter connected with a strong voltaic battery consisting of from 2 to 20 pairs of large zinc and carbon elements, the transverse tube immediately began to vibrate, and, finally, to roll upon the others. Acting upon this, Mr. Gore constructed a disc of wood provided with two brass rails, level, uniform, and equidistant; on these rails a hollow and very thin copper ball was placed, and the brass rails being connected with a zinc and carbon battery, the ball began to vibrate, and presently to revolve. In all cases yet observed, Mr. Gore states that the motion of the ball is attended by a peculiar crackling sound at the points of contact, and by heating of the rolling metal. When the apparatus was exhibited before the Royal Society, electric sparks were seen as the ball rolled from the spectator.

Dr. Lyon Playfair has been elected by a large majority of the Town Council of Edinburgh to the Chair of Chemistry in the University of that town.

A prize of five guineas, we find, has been offered by the Committee of the Ecclesiological Society (of London) through the Committee of the Architectural Museum, for the competitor who shall show himself most successful in colouring, according to his own judgment, a cast from that panel of Andrea Pisano's gates at Florence, which contains the figure of Faith, the outer border of the cast being omitted. This being specifically a *colour prize*, the same cast for competitive colouration is proposed to all the competitors. "The candidate may adopt that medium for applying his colours which he prefers, but he is expected to treat the panel as forming a portion of an architectural composition, and not as a cabinet piece, and although the original is of metal he will deal with it as if carved in stone, a material to which it is equally applicable."

Our Neapolitan Correspondent, writing under date of June 25, says:—"The mountain is still in an unquiet state, and though from Sunday it had been in comparative repose, it broke out again on Wednesday the 16th, from the crater above the Cratere delle Ginestre. A great quantity of liquid matter ran out of it over the plain for the extent, perhaps, of a quarter of a mile. Besides this, about midnight of the 16th, fresh lava began to flow from one of the fissures above the Atrio del Cavallo, and ran down over the extinguished lava in the direction of the hill called the Cantcheri. On the 18th, the body of lava seemed to decrease in quantity; but on the morning of the 19th it began to run again, emptying itself into the Fosso Grande, which is now nearly full, so that a fresh eruption would be attended with ruinous consequences to property. The Official Journal of last night says:—"Since Friday last a new volcanic current has flowed from the Piano delle Ginestre, but divided into so many streams as not to exceed the length of sixty palms. Decreasing by degrees in bulk, it arrived on Sunday morning on the property of Andrea Secomiglio, which had already been damaged; and this morning it was running with considerable speed. The stream on the north side presents at night only a spot of fire." Last night the mountain appeared to be more than usually active, and though its best days are gone, still, to a new corner, the scene would be one of great interest. Information has reached Naples of another shock of earthquake in Potenza, at seven o'clock in the morning of the 13th inst. It lasted eight seconds, was horizontal and perpendicular, but quite harmless. On the day before, another shock of the duration of twelve seconds had been felt in Spinosa, in which unfortunate township considerable damage had been inflicted by a dreadful hailstorm; the stones weighing more than an ounce each.

An important collection of extremely rare editions of the Holy Scriptures, Liturgies and Liturgical works, formed by an eminent dignitary of the Irish Church, was brought to the hammer by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, on Friday and Saturday last, and the very high prices obtained for many of the articles are the most convincing proofs of the increasing interest taken in such

treasures by amateurs. The greatest attraction of the sale was a copy of the first Latin Bible supposed to have been printed at Mayence by John Gutenberg, between the years 1450 and 1455,—a marvellous production, struck off from type cut by the hand in imitation of the manuscript—it was intended to represent each page being composed and worked off separately. This was formerly one of the gems in the Library of H.R.H. the late Duke of Sussex,—and when at his sale it produced 195*l.* was considered to have brought its full value. On the present occasion it realized 595*l.*, or more than thrice the sum it then cost. Amongst the English Bibles the following caused most competition:—The first edition of the entire Scriptures in English, by Bishop Myles Coverdale, printed in 1535, abroad,—a volume of the greatest rarity, of which, we believe no perfect copy is known, with title-page and several leaves in fac-simile, 136*l.* 10*s.*—The Byble, by Thomas Matthew, in 1537, 27*l.* 6*s.*—Cramer's version, dated May 1541, 21*l.*—Cramer's version, dated November 1541, 42*l.*—Mathewe's Byble, printed by Raynalde and Hyll in 1549, 26*l.* 10*s.*—Jugge's edition of 1568, 23*l.*—The first English version printed in Scotland, 12*l.*—All these being more or less imperfect, although completed with fac-similes.—The Pentateuch, translated by W. Tyndale, printed at Malborow, in the Land of Hesse, by Hans Luft (at Marburg, by Luther's Printer) having twelve leaves in fac-simile, 155*l.*—The New Testament in Latin and English, by M. Coverdale, printed at Paris in 1538, 69*l.* 6*s.*—Another edition of Coverdale's New Testament, printed in 1538, 15*l.* 15*s.*—Nouveau Testament par les Théologiens de Louvain, containing numerous deviations from the usual text, having the words *Purgatoire, Messe*, instead of those ordinarily used, 62*l.*—Coverdale's Version from the Vulgate of the New Testament, in Latin and English, printed at Southwarke in 1538, by J. Nicolson, 25*l.*, although imperfect.—The first edition of the New Testament in Irish, printed at Dublin in 1602, for which Queen Elizabeth furnished the Irish characters, 25*l.*—As sample of the prices paid for early Liturgies, we quote that of Grafton, dated the 8th of March, 1549, selling for 26*l.*; those of Whitchurch, Mense Martii, 1549, 11*l.*; Mense Maii, 1549, 15*l.*; Mense Junii, 1549, 11*l.* 5*s.*, and his third edition of 1552, 10*l.* 10*s.*—An imperfect copy of Grafton's edition, of 1552, sold for 7*l.* 18*s.*—The first edition of the Prayer Book in Irish, 10*l.* 10*s.*—A Primer of the reign of Edward the Sixth, by Cottesforde, without title-page, described as unique, 20*l.* Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book, of 1581, 12*l.*—The Prymer of Henry the Eighth, being the first put forth in his reign, 67*l.*—A Salisbury Prymer, of 1543, 12*l.* 15*s.*—The total amount of the two days' sale was 2,159*l.* 15*s.*

The consecration of the Church of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg, took place on the 10th of June. It was performed with all the Imperial ostentation and military pomp usual on such occasions. The pageants and processions were grand; and good seats, at a window favourably situated, were paid for as high as 150 silver roubles each. "Mixing with the thousands who wonder at the splendour of this gorgeous temple, our eyes," says a Correspondent, "are dazzled with the profusion of barbaric pearl and gold they meet at every glance. We see no wood, except in the doors; all the rest is granite, Carrara marble, iron, porphyry, malachite, alabaster, lapis lazuli, bronze, silver and gold. Even the lightning conductors are of platinum. The five crosses, as well as the cupola of the building, are gilt with a mass of 274 pounds of gold, and are seen glittering at a distance of 40 wersts from St. Petersburg. One of the bells weighs 75,000 pounds. 112 granite columns, with Corinthian capitals, surround the building. They are each 56 feet high, and 7 feet in diameter at the base. Each is considered to be of a value of 1,800*l.* English money. The cost of the whole magnificent building is reckoned—though this is probably a gross exaggeration—at 13,500,000*l.* The interior,—comprising a space of 60,000 square feet, and taken up neither by seats nor by organs (in the place of the organ there is a

choir of 1,000 men's voices),—is very imposing. The St. Isaac's Church has been thirty-nine years building. The aged, but still very active architect, M. Montferriat, (who, at the consecration, followed in the Emperor's procession) has received a present of 40,000 silver roubles, besides a pension of 5,000 silver roubles annually, which will also be paid to his widow, a picture of the Cathedral worked in gold and set with diamonds, and, lastly, the rank of a real Counsellor of State.

A letter from Mr. Newton—the active explorer sent by the Trustees of the British Museum to dig for antique treasures in the Greek islands—describes the discovery of a colossal lion at Cnidus, and the progress of its excavation.—"This noble animal is 10 feet long from stem to stern. He is of Parian marble and in very fine condition. He is in a couchant attitude, his head turned round to the right. From the base to the top of his head he measures six feet. His weight I should imagine to be eight tons. He is lying on his side. The upper side is of course somewhat weather-beaten, though the great essentials of form are there,—but the lower side, as far as I can tell by looking under it, is nearly as fresh as when it left the hand of the artist. The injuries which he has sustained are few. The fore paws and part of the lower jaw are wanting, but it is very probable that we may find them. The left hind leg has been a good deal crushed by his fall,—in other respects he is perfect. He has no eyes, but very deep sockets, which may have been filled with vitreous paste, unless the shadows produced by these hollows were considered in colossal sculpture as the equivalent of eyes. As his nose is at present half buried in the ground it is difficult to judge of the effect of these hollow sockets; they seem, however, to give an idea of the general scale of the animal. I can just squeeze my clenched fist into the sockets—*ex oculo leonem*! The style of the sculpture, and the quality and treatment of the marble are so like those of the Mausoleum lions as to leave little or no doubt in my mind that the Cnidian colossus is by one of the four sculptors employed by Artemisia, probably either Scopos or Bryaxis, as they both executed celebrated works at Cnidus. Now, as to the position of the lion. He is lying on the slope of a wild rocky promontory, on the top of which, a few feet above him, are the remains of a large tomb, which appears to be lying as it was thrown down by an earthquake. This tomb has a square basement, about 40 feet each way. It has been faced externally with Doric columns, partially engaged in a wall, and surmounted by triglyphs. These remains of Doric architecture are executed in a coarse marble, and lie strewn round the tomb on every side. Within this architectural facing was a solid mass of work. The upper courses of this mass of masonry are circular, and form concentric rows of steps, which, when the building was entire, must have taken the form of a pyramid. These circular courses are, I should imagine, the outside of a dome formed by stones laid horizontally, so as to project inwards, one beyond the other. An attempt has evidently been made to break into the tomb at the top and at the base on one side. Whether this attempt was successful remains to be ascertained. It would appear that, in driving an entrance into one of the sides of the basement, the structure of the vault has been so dislocated that its crown has fallen in and filled up the interior of the tomb with rubbish. I suppose that the original chamber was constructed like that of the Treasury of Atreus—that the sides and vault were externally faced with the marble now scattered round the tomb, and that the lion stood on the top. The stones of this tomb are so large that it is supposed that gentle blasting will be necessary to remove them.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN. Admission, (from Eight till Seven o'clock), 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.* JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, with a Collection of Pictures by Ancient Masters and deceased British Artists, is OPEN DAILY from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The Fifty-fourth Annual Exhibition is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East close to Trafalgar Square, from Nine till Dark. Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, daily, from 9 till dusk.—Admission, 1*s.*; Season Tickets, 5*s.* each. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.—The FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES by Modern Artists of the French School is OPEN to the Public, at the French Gallery, 130, Pall Mall opposite the Opera Colonnade.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* each. Open from 9 to 6 daily.

ROSA BONHEUR'S NEW PICTURES, 'LANDAIS PEASANTS' going to MARKET, and 'MOONING in the HIGHLANDS' together with her Portrait, by Ed. Dubufe, are NOW ON VIEW at the German Gallery, 188, New Bond Street.—Admission, 1*s.* Open from Nine till Six.

PANORAMA, from the RIGHI KULM, of Switzerland, at SUNRISE, is NOW OPEN, embracing the range of the sublime snow-capped Mountains, and the beautiful Lakes below them.—LUCKNOW and DELHI are also open.—Admission, 1*s.* to each View. Daily from Ten till Dusk.—Burford's, Leicester Square.

MONT BLANC CLOSÉS TUESDAY, July 6, with its Two Thousandth Representation.—Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ, at ST. MARTIN'S HALL, on THURSDAY EVENING, July 8, at Eight o'clock, 'ADAM LINDSAY'S'—Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5*s.*; Ares and Galleries, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Unreserved Seats, 1*s.* Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman & Hall's, Publishers, 188, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mr. MONTGOMERY STUART has the honour to announce that he will deliver a Course of FOUR LECTURES upon the 'Influence of Italian on English Literature.' The First Lecture will be given on TUESDAY, July 6, at Three P.M.—Tickets, 7*s.* 6*d.* each; or, for the Series, 1*l.* 1*s.*; to be obtained of Mr. R. Sams, Royal Library, St. James's Street, or at St. Martin's Hall.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Patron—H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.—UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.—THE PRESENT STATE OF THE THAMES WATER, Chemically considered by Professor GAYLARD. THE THAMES FACTORIALY ILLUSTRATED, from its Source to the Sea, by a Series of DISSOLVING VIEWS, with Discourse by Mr. MALCOLM CHEMISTRY, NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, MUSIC, MECHANICAL MODELS, &c., &c., daily. MECHANICAL MODELS in motion, explained without expense to the inventors. A TRIP to the ADOPTED LAND of our YOUNG PRINCESS, illustrated by a PANORAMA, Painted by CHARLES MANUEL. See LECTURE on the MUSIC of MANY NATIONS, with VOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS, by THOMAS PRUD, Esq., every Evening at Eight. Open from Twelve to Five; Evenings, from Seven to Ten.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools and Children under ten years of age, half-price.

FATHER THAMES and his PHYSICIANS.—Dr. SEXTON will lecture on the above important subject daily, at Dr. Kahn's Museum (top of the Haymarket), at Four and Eight o'clock.—Admission 1*s.*—Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures on the Philosophy of Marriage, &c., sent post free direct from the Author on the receipt of twelve stamps.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—June 23.—Prof. Phillips, President, in the chair.—H. Cossham, Esq., was elected a Fellow. The following communications were read:—'On some Points in the History and Formation of Etna,' by Dr. H. Abich.—'On the Lacustrine or Karwah Deposits of Kashmir,' by H. H. Godwin-Austen.—'On the Black Mica of the Granite of Leinster and Donegal,' by the Rev. S. Haughton.—'On an Outlier of Lias in Banffshire,' by T. F. Jamieson, Esq.—'Notes on a Collection of Australian Fossils in the Museum of the Nat. Hist. Soc. Worcester,' by Prof. Owen.—'On the Occurrence of some Tertiary Fossils at Chislet, near Canterbury,' by J. Brown, Esq.; with Notes on the Species, by G. B. Sowerby, Esq.—'On the Fossil Crustacean found by Mr. Kirkby in the Magnesian Limestone of Durham, and on a new Species of Amphipod,' by S. Bate, Esq.—'On Eurypterus,' by J. W. Salter, Esq.—'Description of a New Fossil Crustacean from the Lower Greensand of Atherfield,' by C. Gould, Esq. The Society then adjourned till November the 3rd.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—Annual Meeting.—June 30.—Sir J. Clark, President, in the chair.—The following were elected as officers for the ensuing year:—President, Sir J. Clark, Bart.; Vice-Presidents, the Archbishop of Dublin, Sir B. C. Brodie, Bart., the Earl of Ellesmere, B. Botfield, M.P.; Treasurer, F. Hindmarsh; Honorary Secretary, T. Wright; Council, W. F. Ainsworth, Rev. W. Arthur, L. J. Beale, Dr. Beddoe, J. S. Coleman, T. F. Dillon Croker, R. Dunn, R. N. Fowler, Dr. Hodgkin, R. Ingham, M.P., Dr. David King, M. Lewin, J. Mayer, Sir C. Pasley, Prof. Pearson, C. Robert des Ruffieres, Rev. E. J. Selwyn, J. J. Stainton, R. Tait, Dr. Tuke, and Dr. Stephen Ward.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—June 11.—The Duke of Northumberland, K.G., President, in the chair.—

104 architects, 45 builders, 257 carpenters, 73 carvers, 82 cabinet makers, 83 draughtsmen, 120 designers, 54 die sinkers, 109 engravers, 23 engineers, 68 jewellers, 541 mechanics, 163 metal workers, and 44 modellers. The bearing of Schools of Art on design, as applied to textile fabrics, has been most difficult to illustrate in a satisfactory manner. Nothing except the creation of a demand for a better character of design by the public is ever likely materially to improve calico prints, in any permanent degree at least. Printers of any eminence, especially at Manchester, complain universally, and very justly, of the extent to which they are plundered with impunity of their patterns by an organized system of piracy. Producers grow careless under such circumstances, when they know that unscrupulous rivals will periodically enter into the results of their enterprise and skill. Glasgow suffers from much the same cause as Manchester, although, from the greater variety of fabrics produced, the school in this city, as also that at Paisley, is comparatively well represented. In each place, however, certain trade peculiarities and the feelings of manufacturers on the question of publicity have influenced not only the number but the character of the contributions. In Macleod's efforts have certainly been made to render the School of Art useful to the silk trade of the district. Designs for garment silks, handkerchiefs, scarfs, &c., have been produced, which it is not too much to say promise well for the future. At present, with one or two exceptions, the students of the School are only employed in subordinate capacities, and rather work out the views of others than attempt to originate themselves. In those instances, however, where former students have the control of the designing departments, the more severe principles inculcated by the instruction given in the School are acknowledged, and, as far as circumstances will permit, are practically followed out. * * As may be supposed, some manufacturers have declined to show publicly the source whence they have derived many of their best designs; although acknowledging that one source, at least, was the Schools; where those employed by them obtained their early instruction in Art. This could not be denied, since the works they produce bear unmistakable evidence that that instruction has not been thrown away. Nor have some of the more successful designers themselves been more candid as to their early obligations to the Schools of Design. It is satisfactory, however, to know that in many instances where it was impossible to fairly show their works, former students of the Schools have honourably and unhesitatingly acknowledged their obligations, and expressed regret that want of time, commercial exigencies necessitating the concealment of the origin of manufactured goods, or the fear of piracy of new patterns, prevented them contributing to this Exhibition in a manner which would be satisfactory to themselves and creditable to the manufacturers by whom they are employed."

So we see that Sheffield will not improve, that Manchester cannot, and Birmingham may not. It will require time for the young students to get into power; but when they do, the reaction will and must come.

From so technical an Exhibition, it is difficult to select examples, so meritorious are the greater number of works sent on view. In glass, however, we may mention the *Blue-glass Goblet* (No. 11), designed and engraved by Mr. W. J. Muckley, Master at Burslem. This is a most precious example of Art—cut with all the delicacy and flow of line of a Greek cameo; the composition beautifully harmonious and replete with grace; the colour delicately graduated.—Three thin *Champaign Glasses and Flower Vases* (3), designed by Mr. J. Northwood, of Stourbridge, are of a curious enamelled work,—but we prefer the patent process, consisting of a pink-starred diaper, in Mr. T. Guest's *Nine Examples of Flint Glass* (6), the wine-glasses in particular, with their flower-like stalks and spreading bells, which wine will incarnadine, turning the opal to deepest ruby—in itself, a beautiful process of sudden manufacture.

In the Ceramic Division, we rejoice much in the floor-tiles, blazoned and shielded, of Messrs. Minton, designed by the students of Stoke-upon-Trent. We like the *Maiolica Garden-Pots* (29, 30), very broad and massive, designed by Mr. H. Protat, master, Stoke-upon-Trent.—The blue-and-white *Della-Robbia Frieze* (41), modelled by Mr. S. Birks, is an excellent revival of a beautiful and undeveloped art that never has had fair play.—The *Severed Plate* (34), with portrait of the Queen painted by Mr. T. Allen, Stoke-upon-Trent, with its highly Sevres-finished portrait and brittle ring of porcelain emeralds, is a most creditable work.—There are fine imitation Palissy's, dark-green, and brown, and pierced mediæval plates, side by side with modern chestnut dishes, spill-pots, and Parian bread-trays and beer-jugs, overrun with leaves newly modelled from the hedge and park. Passing by the lettuce jugs and Indian bottles, we come to a neat drinking-cup, designed by Mr. H. Hancock, a meritorious student of Stoke-upon-Trent, but who, to judge by his selected illustrations, is unfortunate in his relations, who, as the French say,

are "*laid comme quatre*." Nothing, however, can be much softer or more finished than his *Lake of Geneva* (72), which far surpasses the old Derbyshire work.—The great majolica works of Messrs. Minton, for breadth and power, are quite equal to the old Dresden works, and, indeed, are more refined.

Another class of work demands praise, the Worcester ware, particularly Mr. S. Bott's painting, *The Holy Family* (131),—while Mr. Bevan's *Holly and Convoculi* (153, 159) are most deserving eulogy, and so is Mr. Weaver's *Grass and Flies* (171), carefully studied from nature, yet idealized and modified with exquisite taste. Mr. Taylor's *Wild Flowers, on the Severn Ink* (179), and Mr. Handley's *Geranium Wreath, on Round Tile* (173), is all we have the room, but not all we have the inclination to praise.

Messrs. Graham & Jackson's *Louis Sixteenth Cabinet* (215) is beyond all praise, and is quite a work of genius, with its gilt Caryatides, dancing figures, painted china plaques, glass, flowers, and emblems. When it was exhibited at Paris, a distinguished judge pronounced it "good in composition and satisfactory in every detail." The *Ormolu and Porcelain Table* (216), too, is matchless.

In the ironwork department, after the coronæ lucis, simple knockers, and wrought door-handles, the chief notabilia are three Art mantel-pieces, designed by Mr. R. Jefferson, of Somerset House, for Mr. Potts, of Birmingham. The *Shakespeare* (222) contains a head of the poet in the centre arch, and round it a stream of attendant Ariels, Oberons, Calibans, and Pucks. The *Chase* (221) has at the side two couchant dogs, and in the centre antlered heads of deer. This is real, true work, and most deserving encouragement. Messrs. Hart's work generally deserves notice. Messrs. Elkington's figured ware is full of promise, for Birmingham particularly (353, 357, 358).

The *Chester Cup*, of Mr. Armistead's design (371), is manly, vigorous, and very carefully studied.

Of the jewelry we must specially praise as truly effective, simple, natural, and original, the Aberdeen granite *Brooches* (388), designed by Mr. R. Ewen. The designs are marqueterie designs, but they do and they serve.

The wood-carving is memorable, though we do not care much for the ponderous, finical *Ebony Sideboard* (398), carved by the Cingalese, after Prof. Semper's designs. The elephant heads are especially feeble, though grand subjects for Oriental bosses. The *Satin Wood Garde-Robe* (396), designed by Mr. R. Beavis, is simply beautiful and perfect, yet unambitious and quiet. The *Walnut Wood Wine-Cooler* (397), though a little wanting in the Gibbons power, is most clever, with the ring of boars' heads so nervously and concisely treated. For smooth finish and elaboration, till wood almost seems turned paper, commend us to Mr. Perry's carvings, in nankeen-coloured lime wood, of robins, larks, and nightingales, surrounded by leaves. Four brackets (403) are especially beautiful. They consist of—1. Spring; the robin building in the hawthorn. 2. Summer; the robin singing in the oak. 3. Autumn; the robin feeding in the hazel. 4. Winter; the robin mourning in the ivy."

The papier-mâché work is inventive and good. The primrose and violet flowers are beautifully used in contrast in the *Envelope Case* (414), by Mr. J. Robbins.

The lace and linen damasks we must pass over as dazzling, and confusing us with white spider-webs of ingenious and artful confusion, and come to the somewhat lumbering, colossal heads (640, &c.) intended for the façade of the Sheffield School of Art. No. 644 is interesting:—

"Sixteen photographs (coloured) from a series of portraits of the Tudor family, executing for the Princes' Chamber in the New Palace of Westminster, in the Training School of the Department, by Richard Burchett, Head Master, and some of the students. The series when complete will contain twenty-eight portraits. Every effort has been made to procure the best existing authorities, both for the heads and the costume, and it is believed that they may be relied on as correct effigies of the personages represented in their habits as they lived: the object being to produce a series of pictures combining faithful representation and consistent architectural ornamentation; the backgrounds are gold, the ground being enriched by incised or impressed ornament while soft—a method of decoration

common in very early pictures, but not employed for the last three centuries, at least in this country."

—The faces seem smoothly and carefully done. The paper-hangings are good; but we were especially pleased with a crisp and most original clay model of a fire-place and mirror, which we cannot find in the Catalogue.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—A collection of pictures, the property of Mr. Mordaunt, of Sheffield, was sold on Wednesday last by Messrs. Foster, of Pall Mall. The lots were of very unequal values, and the prices, on the whole, were far from high. Among the few sales deserving record were—a specimen of Sydney Cooper, 'Cattle under a Shed,' size 4 feet 4 inches by 3 feet 2, which brought 202*l.* 13*s.*—an Isabeau, 'A Wreck—Fishing Station, Coast of Normandy,' size 56 inches by 37, 83*l.* 4*s.*—a Webster, 'Beating for Recruits,' the important and well-known work, size 18 inches by 16, 315*l.*—and a Müller, 'The Bay of Naples,' size 5 feet 4 inches by 3 feet 2, 225*l.* 15*s.*—Three pictures from another collection were sold, by order of the executors of W. M. Nurse, Esq., being three early works by Mr. Frank Stone. The 'Scene from Hamlet' sold for 110*l.* 5*s.* The companion pictures, 'The Impending Mate,' the engraved picture, and 'Mated,' the companion picture, brought 304*l.* 10*s.*

The Council of the Architectural Museum have issued cards for a *Conversazione* at the South Kensington Museum for Thursday, July 15.

A collection of rare and curious antique gems, the property of that well-known amasser, Mr. F. Pulszky, the Hungarian *virtuoso*, is now on view, among all old sorts of richly fretted cinque-cento work and crusted bronzes, at Messrs. Howell & James's. The Tassy Collection, once a standard London exhibition, was of great value, but it consisted only of casts, copies and imitations, and is now lost in a private gentleman's museum. This choice room full of old Caesarian signets and pontifical amulets: which once, perhaps, clasped the too kindling flesh of the Borgia or the iron fingers of Julius the Lion of the Vatican, will well repay inspection, not only for their age and perfection, or their deep rich amethystine dyes, but also as curious relics of a declining art, and more especially from their being, in many instances, miniature *chef-d'œuvre* of genius as wonderful and matchless in their way as the Greek statues of the Periclean age or the colossal fragments of the Parthenon. They are all but eternal, these jewels that man's labour has rendered of more value than raw diamonds or mere bullion gold could be. They illustrate Ovid; they throw coloured lights on old mythology; they give us civic emblems, religious types and the old war cries of conflicting races. The Glyptic Art, too, has its progress and history: as the Catalogue says,

"We may trace a progression in beauty and freedom of design exactly similar to that which is presented to us in the kindred arts of Sculpture and Architecture. In all three, the hard Egyptian forms first predominate; gradually the keen sense of beauty, developed in the Hellenic race, introduces and perfects forms devoid of the harshness of handling of their Egyptian masters in the arts; and this grace and softness, peculiar to the Greeks, gradually degenerates into the puerility and want of vigour with which the era of the decline of these three arts is so strongly marked. There is little doubt that if a more exact chronology could be introduced into the annals of India, that country would be entitled to the priority in the practice of this art; but the retrogression which has taken place there during many centuries, renders it difficult now to affix a date to any work or monument of the past. In Egypt, however, the art made great progress, so far as the rigid adherence to false rules of taste would permit it; and the breastplate of the High Priest, spoken of and detailed in the writings of Moses, was no doubt fabricated by the Egyptian artisans. The Etruscans, also, there is little doubt, received the first lessons in this art from Egypt, most probably prior to its introduction into Greece; and the circumstance of many of the Etruscan intaglios being cut on the Scarabeus, a form peculiar to Egypt, points definitely to this conclusion."

—The hard, the perfect, the meretricious, are the three stages of all Art. The cameo or raised work and the intaglio or sunk work are both here in their rarest forms. Now Adonis impatient for the chase; now a Bacchante with thirsting and greedy eyes. The cameos were brooches and badges, the intaglios seals and signet-rings.—

"Rings set with engraved gems were universally worn in the ancient world, by all who possessed rank or dignity. The Assyrians and Egyptians principally adopted as devices the effigies of their deities, accompanied by inscriptions.

The Greeks and Romans were equally attached to this custom. Alexander the Great adopted after the Persian war the signet of Darius, and bequeathed it on his death-bed to Perdicas. The signet of Sylla represented the surrender of Jugurtha. Augustus, at different periods of his life, adopted several different representations; one a sphinx, another the head of Alexander, and afterwards his own portrait engraved by the great Dioscorides, which emblem was continued by his successors in the empire until the time of Galba, who used a signet engraved with a dog. We find the Etruscans inscribed their gems with the name of the subject, the Greek productions bear the name of the artist, and the Roman that of the wearer.

—The well-written Catalogue of this collection contains some brief epitomes of the chief gem artists.

"The first recorded collection of gems was formed by Scourus, step-son of Sylla; another, founded by Mithridates of Pontus, was brought to Rome by Pompey, after his victory, and presented to the Capitol. Many sovereigns and princes of modern Europe possess valuable collections, among which we may mention those of the Emperors of Austria and Russia, of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and of the Kings of Naples, Prussia, the Netherlands, Denmark, and that of the Duke of Blacas. The collections of the Dukes of Marlborough and Devonshire are also of great value from their magnitude and completeness. Theodorus of Samos, about 540 B.C., is the earliest recorded. He engraved the celebrated emerald signet of Polycrates. Schiller has embodied a curious legend relative to this signet, in a beautiful poem entitled 'Der Ring des Polycrates.' In the time of Alexander great progress had been made in this art, and many celebrated names belong to this period; among whom Pergetes is pre-eminent, who alone was permitted the distinction of engraving the portrait of that great monarch, fortunate in possessing also the talent of Apelles and Lysippus. Between the eras of Alexander and Augustus flourished in Magna Grecia many excellent artists. Polycrates and Tryphon belong to this period. The time of Augustus beheld the perfection of the art. Dioscorides, Alexa, Aulus, Gneius, and many others of lesser celebrity, but principally of Greek extraction, lent their talents to the luxury of Rome. Julius, Alpheus, and Arethon maintained its reputation during the reigns of Tiberius and Caligula. Evodus, Nicander, Anteros, and Hellen occupied the period from Titus to Hadrian, and Apollonius belongs to the era of Marcus Aurelius. There are, besides, many artists whose chronological position is uncertain, among whom we may name Eñon, Agrammeros, Emon, Galos, Glycon, Hyllos, and others, all of whom were Greeks, practising under the Roman empire. The first development of the art in modern times took place under the fostering patronage of the Florentine family of the Medici, who gave great encouragement to this branch of the fine arts, and some of the works produced during the fifteenth century challenge comparison with the finest antiquities; and the taste for collecting cameos was common among the princes of Italy; after a considerable decline, gem engraving again, in the seventeenth century, engaged the attention of artists and men of taste, and many fine works, both in Italy and Germany, were the result of this increased consideration bestowed upon it."

—Some of the choicest works are—*The Head of a Muse* (27), cut, as is said, by the great gem-engraver Dioscorides, a most refined and exquisite work, the features keen, scooped as if shaped without labour. A head of *Ariadne* (204) found in Sicily, a fine Middle-Age gem. A bust of *Pope Julius the Second* (258), the work of Alessandro Cesati. Some beautiful white and brown onyxes of the Imperial Ages, and a most singular bust of the *Empress Plotina* (?) (4), the face formed of plasma, and the head and hair of yellow jasper.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S CLASSICAL CHAMBER-MUSIC CONCERTS, WHITE ROOMS, KING STREET, St. James's. THE THIRD AND LAST CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, July 5, to commence at Three o'clock. Executants—Miss Arabella Goddard, C. Sainton, Signor Piatini, and Mr. Charles Halle. Programme—Trio, in C minor, Mendelssohn; Sonata, Piano-forte, in G minor, Op. 34, Clements; Solo, Violoncello, Piatini; Sonata, Piano-forte and Violin, in G major, Op. 56, Beethoven; Concerto for two Piano-fortes, with Orchestral Accords, in E flat, Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Halle; Mozart, Trios, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at Cramer & Beale's, 201, Regent Street; R. Olivier's, 19, Old Bond Street; and from all the principal Musicellers.

MOZART'S CONCERTO for TWO PIANO-FORTES, with full Orchestral Accompaniment will be performed by Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and MR. CHARLES HALLE, at Mr. Halle's last Concert, on THURSDAY, July 5.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Regent Street and Piccadilly.—In consequence of the great and increasing success which attends each representation given by the CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, they will have the honour of giving TWO MORNING PERFORMANCES at the above new and magnificent Hall, on MONDAYS, July 5 and 12, to commence each day at Three o'clock precisely. Programme and full particulars will be duly announced.—Balcony and Stalls (numbered and strictly reserved). 2s. A Box, 1s. 2s. Back Seats, 2s.; Galleries, 1s.; to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 25, Old Bond Street; at all the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses; and at the St. James's Hall, from Eleven till Four (Piccadilly entrance).

NEW PUBLICATIONS. VOCAL MUSIC.

Handel the creator, as superior to Handel the appropriator, was never more simply, yet more signally, vindicated than by the *recitative* and *aria*, "Let's möglich," disinterred from 'Le Passione' by

M. Schœlcher, and published (Lonsdale) with Italian as well as German words. This work was written in 1717, but the song—a grand *cantabile* (the situation of which is Gethsemane), twice repeated, with an interlude of *recitative*—is in the highest style. The vocal phrases, though interrupted, are deeply expressive, and the accompaniment is rich and romantic in its harmonies. This song might have been put forward at this time in substantiation of the superiority of Handel over Bach as a setter of holy words for a single voice, so lately touched on in this journal. Here is the true declamatory passion which the best trained voice may be proud to deliver. In the 'Passions' Musik' we have chains of ingenious phrases through which the singer has to thread his weary way as an instrument in the orchestra, or an accompanist to some violin, oboe, or *flauto traverso*. "The Giant" had gained little in point of truth and nobility of style, betwixt this essay of his early years and his last work, 'Jephtha.' It is inconceivable that with such specimens in being as the one before us, compared with certain dry, crabbed, and scholastic numbers, for the parentage of which idolaters have fought so blindly, those who have examined should hesitate to admit that the inventor of great things condescended, by way of economizing time and filling space, to pilfer things less great from his inferiors.

Next in interest to an unfamiliar coin from Handel's mint of gold, are some publications of part-music—if only as illustrating what has been repeatedly pointed out,—the clear predilections of English taste and sympathy. The additions of late made to our part-singers' library have been pleasing and valuable; in proportion, however, be it insisted, as they have not emulated the German part-song, which, however good for our "cousins" it be, disagrees with British digestion;—because it is not vocal writing, but something contrived which voices must get through.—Here are *Twelve Vocal Quartets for Alto, Tenor, and two Basses*, in Two Books, by Thomas Harris Macdormott (Ewer & Co.). These belong to the library of imitation and mistake; and, though clever, are anything but comfortable or commendable to singers. No. 2—a setting of the same words as are set immortally in Schubert's 'Ungeduld'—begins by a chord six times repeated, which, however knowing, will set teeth on edge as sharply as does a certain terrible screech of the *Peri* when received into Paradise, in Schumann's *Cantata*. Prof. Longfellow's 'Stars of the Summer Night' is treated with a like transcendental disregard of charm or sweetness. No. 6 (to verse from the inevitable Eichendorff, so dear to English Philo-Germans) is better, because more tuneable. The 'Shepherdess,' from Goethe, is only a weak copy of *Lieder* to be found by the dozen in every German "Orpheus," or "Amphion."—'Evening' is a setting of words by Hoffman von Fallersleben—Teutonic in style, but not, by many a chord and discord, as good as pure, uncompromising German music. A part-writer who dedicates his productions to "The Glee and Choral Societies of Great Britain" (as the above are dedicated) should know better than to put forward publications whose best merit is imitation of a foreign style.—We turn from them with pleasure to Mr. Joseph Robinson's four-part song, "I Love the ground you tread on" (Ewer & Co.), and to Mr. Hullah's "Song should breathe of scents and flowers" (Addison & Co.), the last a reprint from one of his larger collections of music, published for the use of his classes.—*The Arion: a Collection of Part Songs*, translated and edited by F. Freame Reilly, Book II. (Scheurmann & Co.), is a reprint of Mendelssohn's Op. 41. From this we might well prove that the German part-song, though originally limited and false in style, could be varied and raised and purified in the hands of a genial artificer, who wrote music for music's sake,—not to suit the fancies of a given *Liedertafel* Society, still less in antagonism against what Herr von Raumer so flippantly called the "sing-song" of the great vocal school of Europe. They are good to sing, delicious to hear; national in colour, yet ingeniously contrived as universal music.—We may, lastly, after their humbler fashion, commend Mr. M'Murdie's *Part Songs, being a Handbook for Vocal Classes* (Scheurmann &

Co.), availing ourselves of the same opportunity to mention that the new process of printing music, invented by its enterprising publisher, to which attention was drawn by us some time ago, is conceived by himself to be now in complete working order. The specimens before us, at all events, are perfectly satisfactory. Time must test the "wear" of the invention.

Herr Hauptmann's *Salve Regina*, a *quattro voce pino*, Op. 13 (Ewer & Co.), a Latin hymn to the Virgin, with Italian inscription, seems to us as grim and German as if it had been written to do honour to the Black Lady of Altötting. To show (once again) that German need not be grim, let us recall Mozart's 'Ave Verum,' and Mendelssohn's 'Ave Maria,' and convent hymns; and let us point out (without dread of being charged with Mariolatry) that all music for the Madonna has from time immemorial been invested with a grace and sweetness, if not womanish, at least indicative of homage to a woman. Here we have merely harsh scholarship.—With this (though the interval between the two be wide) let us announce a "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" (Op. 13), by Edmund T. Chipp, printed by Herr Scheurmann's new patent process.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—About this time of Midsummer (to use the prim phrase of old-fashioned rural calendars) the weather in London becomes unbearable,—suburban morning parties are many; and late dinners increase in number, in proportion as the close of the season draws nigh. Therefore is it, according to the wise counsels of *Gotham*, that the newest operas are reserved for these weeks, when people of fashion begin to loathe gas-light as *Millamant* loathed green trees,—that the concerts which most depend on aristocratic sympathy come thickest,—that the artists, nevertheless, in the fullness of their simplicity, wonder if audiences come late, yawn, fan themselves, listen as little, and go away as soon—as possible. As curious "a custom of the county of Middlesex," as any one of those long ago collected by Mrs. Norton, is that regulating the dog-days and nights of our musical season.—At *Signor Campana's Matinée* this day week—where we would find have made acquaintance with some of the new compositions liberally set before his friends by one whose Italian music is, in its light way, attractive—crowd, crinoline, *ciarleria*, and a heat which made one think sympathetically of Lahore and Lucknow, made such pleasure simply impossible. We must wait, then, to speak of them till we meet them in print.—While this pressure was going on, the lovers of the pianoforte were tempted to yet another *Matinée* by Miss Arabella Goddard, at which that young lady, who deserves high praise for her progress and her assiduity, announced among other unfamiliar matters a *Quartet* by Dussek, one of Schubert's *solo Sonatas*, and a new composition for pianoforte and *viola* by Herr Joachim. Next week, we observe, she is about to perform with Mr. C. Halle the double *Concerto* by Mozart, alluded to some weeks since in the *Athenæum*. The lovers of her instrument have no cause to complain this year. Probably as a vehicle of interpretation the Pianoforte has never been so widely or so well employed before; and since these seem not to be the days of composers (Herr Rubinstein being the marking exception), they may be measured advantageously against that bright period (not to be overlooked in the fullness of our gratulation) when Ries, Kalkbrenner, Cramer, and Prof. Moscheles (all of them composers) were fighting for the championship of London, and when new works by Beethoven, Hummel, and Weber poured in from the Continent. Surely out of all this activity in execution new creations should come.

On Monday Herr Reichardt received his friends, and Signori Biletta and Solieri gave their concert in company. The latter, in spite of many drawbacks and disappointments (among these the absence of Miss L. Pyne and M. Rubinstein), claims notice as a composer's concert. In light music of the Italian school (with a French touch here and there thrown in) Signor Biletta stands in the first class, and with judicious management of his talent should have been by this time at least as popular

in the opera-houses of Europe as M. von Flotow. Very pretty is the *sextuor* from his 'Rose de Florence,' though hardly in the style of grand opera,—very lively is his *valse* sung by Madame Marcolini, though the trick having been once done by Signor Venzano had better not have been tried a second time. The "*stornello*," too, allotted to Signor Solieri is taking. This brings us to speak of Signor Biletta's partner, who should be acceptable as a *tenorino*, in right of the agreeable upper notes of his voice, and who would be more so did he appear less sure of the fact,—less superfluously easy in his demeanour, and more guarded on certain points of tone and vocalization, which are not satisfactory. Signor Solieri, however, was cordially received. The great singing of the morning, however, was a recitative and romance from 'I Normanni' of Mercadante, by Signor Badiali. Here, there might be a little more Italian redundancy than England likes; but Signor Badiali's style is so great, his voice so excellently delivered, and his expression so true, if somewhat over-coloured, as to quicken our regret that years ago so excellent an artist of the *real school* was not "located" here instead of in America. His case is another illustration of the disregard of managers for what most concerns them. An effective *andante* and *intermezzo* were performed by MM. Joachim and Benedict, the composition of the latter gentleman. Mr. Benedict's ballads of other days, too, are beginning to be sought for, once again, as their sterling beauty merits. It was pleasant again to hear 'By the sad sea waves,'—a melody which will not soon grow old.

On Tuesday Mr. Ella's Concerts, called "*The Musical Union*," came to an end,—now is the time, therefore, to give our reason for abstaining from all report of them during their course. The Director prefaced his *prospectus* for the past season by declaring in print "that no anonymous critics were admitted to his concerts,"—a somewhat startling statement, even had he not pleased to follow it by publishing a string of anonymous laudations which have appeared during ten years past in the journals, and before this a list of the names of the persons by whom he assumes the paragraphs to have been written—everything like animadversion of course being carefully suppressed. It is useless to reason with one so perversely ignorant of the rules regulating intercourse, so resolute to make laws for himself. But, for principle's sake, and in support of the honour of the press, it may be as well to remind all concerned that such unauthorized parade of names is equivalent to the behaviour of one who plucks off another man's mask at a masquerade because he conceives that he knows the face beneath. Among gentlemen this has been always considered a mortal offence. The person committing it, however, is the only sufferer in social esteem. That Mr. Ella's position in the world of Art and of artists is not what it was, every one is aware; and his own consciousness of this will not be mended by the fact that its decline has not come on him without his being warned again and again. In the future interests of Mr. Ella's private speculation—for his "*Musical Union*," stripped of all pretence, is nothing else—he would have done well to have been less liberal of praise to himself, and more considerate of the courtesies of common life.—On Tuesday *Mlle. Marie Ducrest* gave her concert, and in the evening the *Bradford* contingent to the Handel gathering,—a chorus two hundred strong, directed by Mr. W. Jackson, of Masham,—sang at the *St. James's Hall*, after having in the morning exhibited their accomplishments at Sydenham.

Miss Kemble's Concert was one of the choice entertainments of the season. Its giver, though still hampered by nervousness in no common degree, and with a voice that will require incessant watching for years to come, has more intelligence, accomplishments, and promise than any contemporary of her standing—her share in the entertainment being a duet with Signor Mario (who was in radiant voice), a couple of German *Lieder*, and two Shakespeare songs—the first an exceedingly elegant setting of 'Orpheus and his Lute,' by Miss Gabriel. Then she was assisted by MM. Halle and Joachim (whose *Tartini solo*, 'Le Songe de Diable,' was incomparably given), by Signor Piatti, by Madame

Viardot in her very best voice and spirits, and by Mr. Santley, who sang the well-known *buffo* duet, 'Senza tanti complimenti,' with the lady in good style. This young artist's place may be already defined by the fact that, in his first season, besides going the round of English oratorios with great success, he has been associated with all the best Italian singers, and kept his ground among them steadily, modestly, improvingly. A pleasing *Canzonet* sung by him—a composition of M. Berger to some of Barry Cornwall's words—was the other novelty of this agreeable concert.

The *Vocal Association's* last concert on Wednesday was given with an orchestra, the great work performed being Mendelssohn's 'Lobgesang.' The second act had one remarkable feature—M. Halle's execution of a pianoforte *Concerto* in E flat, by Mozart,—very seldom played, though, to our thinking, a more attractive work than the *Concertos* in D and C minor,—and one interesting novelty, Herr Joachim's Overture to 'Henry the Fourth.' The last prelude bearing such a title that we recollect is the old trumpet-and-drum piece of business by Signor Martini. "Was that overture written in the same language as this?"—was a question that would whimsically break across the mind as we listened (laboriously we must admit) to the new composition. Herr Joachim's is not wholly "music of the future," for we desire to hear the overture again—provided it be more carefully performed. It seems to us to contain distinct ideas, ingenious combinations, forms too intricately disguised where a clear development would have been more welcome, good instrumental effects, and a happy close. Without wholly establishing its writer as a composer, it is an advance on most of his essays at composition with which we have as yet made acquaintance. The playing of Herr Joachim is, in every sense of the word, too masterly, too real, too purely and reverentially musical (without the slightest intimation of charlatanism) for it to be possible for him to remain within the circle of fog-land if he continue to exercise himself as a writer. But the admonition "*Be clear!*" is as eminently required by all artists of the present day as "*Be bold!*" was necessary in the well-known motto which was to decide the course of the Paladin.

The above is surely enough for one week; and thus we shall simply announce as having taken place concerts by *Miss Ella Henderson*, and *Signor Cimino*,—a meeting of the *Reunion des Arts* (at which Herr Aloys Schmidt was pianist), and positively the "very last words," for some months to come of *Mr. H. Leslie's Choir*.—Of yesterday's Monster Concert at Sydenham we must speak next week.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—'Otello,' an opera dubbed as "heavy" by those who find Signor Verdi's music "passionate," was revived on Tuesday with so much success, as to warrant a fancy that even "the world of quality" is coming to its senses, and beginning to set a right value upon better, worse and worst music.—Rarely, however, has 'Otello' been given so finely, since the days when Madame Grisi, Signori Tamburini and Ivanoff, Rubini and Lablache were grouped on the stage of the old house—days that might seem almost like a dream, were not the *Desdemona* of the cast still singing, still efficient. Assuredly, we never heard Madame Grisi in fuller energy and possession of her voice as *Desdemona*, than on Tuesday; and never saw the part—formerly not one of her best parts—played by her with so much melancholy tenderness and delicacy. Her third act—which is very trying, from its absence of any screen or shelter for the singer—was remarkable in freshness, finish and force.—Signor Tamberlik is welcome back again from America. His roamings seem to have altered his voice little; perhaps it is less powerful, but then it is, generally, less tremulous than formerly; perhaps he throws himself more frequently than formerly on his topmost notes—being invited so to do by the triumphs of his C sharp in Paris. As an artist he stands where he stood;—is sympathetic rather than complete—not equal to *Otello* (the noblest tenor part in the Italian repertory); nevertheless, makes himself acceptable by a certain

warmth and earnestness, without coarseness, which are not to be resisted. He was warmly received, and his duet with *Iago* (Signor Ronconi) was re-demanded. Signor Neri Baraldi, who always takes pains, was *Rodrigo*—Signor Tagliafico, the *Elmiro*. On the whole, the concerted music—and how delicious it is!—was very well sung.

But the justice of the world of Fashion to 'Otello' will not bribe us to connive at its follies—will not make us fancy M. von Flotow's 'Martha,' produced on Thursday last, other than an insipid opera—a work not wise in story, not strong in music. The former is too well known to require dissection anew, the latter has little vigour or character to bear it up through such process. We have no contempt for fan painting—none for filagree jewelry, but the one must have Coppel's daintiness of touch, and the gold of the other must be pure, its traceries, too, new in pattern. M. Auber delights us—we have a corner of indulgence for Adam—because they are 'French of Paris,' whereas M. von Flotow, as a composer, is French after the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe, spurious and spiritless in comparison with his originals, without redeeming solidity. This character includes his 'Stradella' (which, for a time, was the opera throughout Germany), his 'L'âne en peine,' and his 'Martha,' with slight instigations. We may return to the opera for the purposes of illustration; and because its performance at Covent Garden is noticeable for its picturesque richness, and for this week we can only state that English Fashion appears to have given 'Martha' a first place in its affections,—that Signor Mario sang his *aria*, 'M'appari,' as no one else could sing it,—that Madame Bosio's 'Last Rose of Summer' might have been warbled by the "first rose of spring" (could the flower take the nightingale's part), so freshly tuneable was it,—that Signor Graziani, who is *Plunketto*, an English farmer, was as little like any such character as possible,—that Madame Didiée was *piquante* as the lady's lady in attendance,—and Signor Tagliafico preciously absurd as the old courtier, *Tristano*.

DRURY LANE.—Madame Viardot's *Amina* claims a word; as having been the part in which she made her *début*, at the *Royal Italian Opera*, without rehearsal, and with a tenor whose airs and graces were numerous enough to make any playfellow nervous. *Mlle. Lind's Amina*, too, was then in full blow,—thus, though Madame Viardot was able to assert herself in it as a consummate singer, her performance could not be described as wholly successful, and was seldom, if ever, repeated. Matters are now different. The Lady is secure of the honest admiration of an English public. There is no more a rival anywhere to be heard of, and Time has consolidated and ripened her voice, giving it a power and an ease which it has never had in former years on this stage. Thus, Madame Viardot's *Amina* at Drury Lane is a real triumph—from first to last a display of consummate singing and acting which will add to her popularity in this country. That the exquisite finish bestowed on every touch and trait by her makes the whole performance a little too elaborate, lies, perhaps, in the nature of the character as personated by an artist of Madame Viardot's quality, perhaps in our own sympathies and antipathies. That no *Amina* could delight her public more was obvious.—We must say a word concerning her *Elvino* (Signor Naudin), whose first appearance in 'Rigoletto' did not prepossess the world in his favour. His voice is not the voice for a part for sentiment (perhaps not for Italian as distinguished from French opera), being somewhat heavy, harsh and rebellious. Hence he sings like one who must conquer, not play with, his music;—but he is a singer far more worthy than the Negrinis, Bettinis and other tenors who bawl through Signor Verdi's operas in the theatres of Northern Italy, to the great discomfiture of all Tramontane ears, that have not forgotten how Signor Rubini and M. Duprez declaimed.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—"They say" (and we believe on good authority) that the mountainous *Academy Concert*, will bring forth only mouse-like receipts—100l. has been the sum

named to us—and this in spite of the presence (we had almost written "the engagement") of *Her Majesty*, and of the gratuitous co-operation of the artists. The performance and its results are well worth following out, even to the dropping of the curtain.

A curiosity worth studying by the tuneless New Zealander, who will muse on the ruined arch of London Bridge A.D. 19—, will be the choice offered by the journals of Monday last to the Italian opera-goers in the metropolis for the week:—*Les Huguenots*, '*La Sonnambula*,' '*Luisa Miller*,' '*Otello*,' '*I Puritani*,' '*La Traviata*,' '*Don Pasquale*,' '*Martha*,' '*Il Trovatore*.' Out of these nine performances, moreover, one good third at least were made interesting, even to those to whom the music is most hackneyed, by some novelty of cast—by some opportunity afforded for comparison. The programme for the week, therefore, may be noted as a phenomenon without precedent.

The New York *Musical Gazette* assures us that Messrs. Barnum, Lumley, and Ullman are associated for the purpose of transferring the company of *Her Majesty's Theatre*, "out of the season," to the United States. This leaves the coast all the clearer for a winter Opera in London,—an entertainment which every day's experience more and more satisfies us would meet with an eager and grateful public. The subscription season at *Her Majesty's Theatre* will presently close, and among its last novelties will be the appearance of Madame Alboni as the *Gipsy Queen* in Mr. Balfe's 'Bohemian Girl.'

We are glad to see next Monday morning's performance at *Her Majesty's Theatre* will include a repetition of Pergolesi's charming '*La Serva Padrona*.'

The *Ottavia* of Alfieri's tragedy has been added by Madame Ristori to her English repertory. During next week she is to appear in another new play, '*Elisabetta*.'

"May I," writes an esteemed Correspondent, "correct what some foreign papers have stated about the pedestal to the Handel statue at Halle. They have misrepresented the intentions of the sculptor. At least, a letter communicated to us by the Halle Committee states them very differently. Herr Heidel in this objects to *rilevi* in cases where, as in the present one, the artist must have recourse to unmeaning allegory. He therefore proposes to have in front of the pedestal merely the name HANDEL. On the back, a short dedication; on one side, a laurel wreath; on the other, an oak garland." We are glad to read this.

The Swabian singers are to meet at Rudolstadt this year, on the 4th and 5th inst.—The solitary other scrap of German news this week will make Londoners smile: this is, great success gained at Hamburg in '*Il Trovatore*' and '*Le Prophète*,' by Herr Stigelli, who for awhile belonged to our Royal Italian Opera company. Transmutation is not wholly impossible; but any such transmutation, with such a result as the one asserted, is next to impossible.

Now is the time when our allies make strange little attempts at musical festivals, in the provinces and across the German border.—M. Berlioz is going to Baden, to conduct some musical performances on the 28th of August.—On the 20th of last month there was a concourse of military musicians at Toulouse, and, for the first time in the annals of the Floral Games, Clemence Isaure's prize was awarded to a musician, M. Henriot, band-master of the 48th regiment of the line. There has been also a choral meeting, on a large scale, in the picturesque town of Angoulême, at which prizes were given for the best compositions—one of 200 francs being proposed by the paper-makers of the place for the most satisfactory song in honour of their mystery. The affair, which went off with great spirit, wound up, so the *Gazette Musicale* tells us, with a Venetian festival, in the gardens of one of the principal tradesmen of Angoulême. There the hearts of the singers were rejoiced, and their throats refreshed by two fountains that ran beer!—afterwards by a fairy-like cauldron of blazing punch, which rose up in a sudden and surprising manner on the summit of a small tower built for the occasion. We are more practical—less picturesque and Venetian—at Birmingham and Bradford.

M. Émile Augier, who appears to have been aggrieved by certain criticisms on his '*Lionnes Pauvres*,' charging that play with being something in reality prurient while it pretends to be profitable, has published the said play with a Preface,—after that true dramatic fashion, which was represented in its extremity by Mingotti the singer, who, on being hissed at the Haymarket opera, advanced to the footlights and hissed her audience by way of reply. This is always a mistake, let it be committed by a Hayley or a Hugo, if only because the inevitable consequence of it is a second criticism.—Play and Preface are before us; and we learn from the latter that the Censorship (which seems as absurdly inconsistent in France as in England) hardly allowed the former to pass. This is curious, since '*Les Lionnes*,' to simple eyes, seems no worse than the large family of similar dramas which have gone before it. Sufficiently repulsive it is, no doubt,—a shemonger of callous profligacy and luxury (no matter how paid for) being foiled by a female incarnation of candour and forgiveness, yet more monstrously at variance with every sound principle of truth and morals. M. Augier, however, goes through "the paces" of a teacher, whose high teachings have been misunderstood, with a composure and an amount of fine language admirable even in an academician. He has not, however, had the last word; for no less strong (on virtue's side) is M. Janin's counterblast to M. Augier's plea. The ingenious French journalist propounds as a reason for the decay of high French comedy in favour of that sort of drama of which '*Les Lionnes*' is the latest and lowest specimen,—a theory which the Lambs, Hunts and Hazlitts, who wrote of our Congreves and Wycherlys (not to speak of the elder Elizabethans), would have been loth to admit;—namely, the habitual depreciation of Womanhood to which they are devoted, under the pretext of woman's "re-habilitation." Our airy critics and humourists set the stage apart from any real use or purpose. The *Beauvelles* and *Berlinthias* were, to their taste, innocuous, because no one ever thought to look for morals in comedy, or for pictures of real life there. How curious it is to have lived to see the other side taken, with ingenuity and persuasion, too, by a French critic of the Second Empire;—some of whose own earlier productions, too, are, to say the least of their colour, tendency, and characters,—not impeccable.

An 'Englishwoman's Journal' of the sufferings at Cawnpore and Lucknow has been laid hold of in Paris for the comfort of the audience of two and three who resort to the *Ambigu Comique* in spite of the tremendous weather. '*Les Fugitifs*' is the name of the play.

Mr. Webster and the Adelphi company still continue their progress. On Saturday they made their appearance at the Standard to a crowded house, in '*The Green Bushes*' and '*Our Lady's Maid*,' and on Monday they returned to Sadler's Wells, and appeared in '*Janet Pride*.' They will be followed next week at the latter place by Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams.—On Wednesday Miss Swanborough took her benefit at the Strand, and appeared for the first time in neighbour *Constance* in '*The Love Chase*,' and Miss Sedgwick also took hers at the Haymarket, appearing as *Lady Teazle*, likewise for the first time in London.—At the Surrey Theatre Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have appeared during the week in '*Rory O'More*,' '*An Hour at Seville*,' and '*The Irish Tiger*.'

MISCELLANEA

Swift's Vanessa.—I hear that inquiries have been lately made in some of the literary journals about the Vanhomrighs. It is certainly strange, under circumstances, that we should learn so little on the subject from the biographers of Swift. In this dearth of information, I send you some few notes, which I have from time to time jotted down. According to Walter Scott and others, Bartholomew Vanhomrigh was a Dutchman who came into Ireland with King William, and therefore in 1690. But a Vanhomery, or Vanhomrigh, was an alderman of Dublin before 1690; and Vanhomrigh, the father of Vanessa, appointed a Commissioner of the Irish Revenue in 1692, and in 1697 Mayor

of Dublin, was, I think, the same person. In the "List of Claims on the forfeited estates, entered at Chichester House, Dublin, 1701," is the following:—"No. 2,018, Barthol. Van Homrigh, Esq. (assignment of Bond and Judgement for 400*l.*), Bond dated 15 May, 1688, to Francis Chantry, and Judgement, 4th James 2nd, and assigned to Claimant, 14 Aug., 1693." This bond was secured on the estate of "Christopher, late Lord Slane." The claim was disallowed. We also learn from Monck Mason's '*History of St. Patrick's*,' that not many months before his decease Bartholomew Vanhomrigh bought about 240 acres in the county of Kildare, part of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Tyrconnel, and 1,182 acres in the county of Cork, which had been the property of the Earl of Clancarthy. In 1711 an act was applied for to vest "the estate, late of Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, Esq., deceased, lying and being in the kingdom of Ireland, in Trustees to be sold." It appears from the List given with the "Statutes at Large" that this act did pass; and no doubt Swift referred to the consequences, when he informed Mrs. Johnson [Stella] on the 11th of August, 1711, "the eldest daughter [Hester] is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after the fortune, and get it in her own hands." Scott, who unfortunately took the absurd marrying story, and the rival story on trust, calls this intimation "ominous." Very ominous, certainly, seeing that Swift remained in London, and continued to reside there until June, 1713,—very ominous, considering that the act itself, as will appear, declares that Miss Vanhomrigh, at that very time, 1711, was "in prospect of marriage." We get a little insight into the family history from this Act. It sets forth the Will, or part of the Will of the father, Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, from which we learn that it was dated the 2nd of June, 1701, and that he "soon after died." That he bequeathed to Hester his wife a share of his property equal to the share of each of his children, and directs that the value of this, her share, be invested, and the interest paid to her during her life, with leave, by her will, to dispose of 500*l.* To his daughter Hester he bequeaths 250*l.* sterling, to be paid on the day of her marriage, or age of 21, which should first happen; and if she marry, then one equal part or share of said estate, the 250*l.* to be reckoned as part, and deducting what should have been expended in maintenance and education of said Hester. To his daughter Mary, same as to Hester. To his son Ginkell (except as to the 250*l.*) one equal share, &c., on attaining 21, and to his son Bartholomew the same, with the same exceptions. The executors were his wife, John Pierson of Dublin, brewer, and Mr. Peter Partington of Dublin, gent. The Bill further states that, Bartholomew Vanhomrigh died leaving issue Ginkell (since deceased), under 21 and unmarried, Bartholomew, Hester, and Mary. That Hester had attained the age of 21, "and is in prospect of marriage." That Bartholomew is but of the age of 19, and Mary but of 15. Therefore the property cannot be sold without an Act of Parliament. That the property is dispersed in several counties in Ireland, and all parties concerned residing, or intending to reside, in Great Britain are desirous that the same should be sold, and the produce brought into this kingdom, and that the survivors shall "divide the money raised" by such sale according to the will. I suspect that the Vanhomrighs were a thoughtless, extravagant family, who had already run themselves into difficulties, and this sale of the father's property was a necessity. We soon after get sight of the surviving son Bartholomew. Prior, writing to Swift from Paris, April 8, 1713, says, "I cannot find Vanhomrigh since he brought me your letter"; and again, 4th of August, 1713, "Vanhomrigh has been terribly here in debt, and being in *durance*, has sent to his mother upon pecuniary concerns." This Bartholomew died at Rathcormick, county of Cork, and his will was proved 6th of July, 1715. Mrs. Vanhomrigh, the mother, died in London in 1714. Mary, the second daughter, died in 1721. Hester (Vanessa) at Celbridge in 1723. V.

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Office, 31, CORNHILL, and 70, BAKER-STREET, London.

Receipts for Fire Insurances falling due at Midsummer are now ready at the Head Offices and with the respective Agents in the Country. W.B. LEWIS, Secretary.

ECONOMIC LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 6, NEW BRIDGE-STREET, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1823.
Chairman—HENRY FREDERICK STEPHENSON, Esq.
Deputy-Chairman—ROBERT BIDDULPH, Esq.

ADVANTAGES—

Mutual Assurance.
The LOWEST rates of Premium on the MUTUAL SYSTEM.

THE WHOLE OF THE PROFITS divided every Fifth Year.
An accumulated Capital of £1,600,000.

During its existence the Society has paid in Claims £1,540,000.
Reversionary Bonuses have been added to Policies to the extent of £50,000.

The last Bonus declared in 1884, averaged 6 1/2 per Cent. on the Premiums paid, and amounted to 307,000.
Policies in force 7,621.

The Annual Income exceeds 240,000.
In pursuance of the INVARIABLE practice of this Society, in the event of the Death of the Life Assured within the 15 days of grace, the Renewal Premium remaining unpaid, the Claim will be admitted, subject to the payment of such Premium.

The next Dividend of Profits will be made in 1889.
Assurances effected prior to 31st December, 1889, will participate in the Division in 1890.

Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained on application to
ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Secretary.

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Established in 1789.
The Equitable Society has issued since its establishment in 1789 above 40,000 Policies, and paid in Claims, Bonuses, and for the purchase of Policies, upwards of Thirty Millions sterling, and never but in two instances disputed a claim out of its vast and numerous Engagements.

The aggregate of the Bonuses, paid on claims in the eight years ending on the 31st December last, is upwards of Two Millions AND A HALF, being more than 100 per cent. on the amount of all those claims. More than Five Millions of the liabilities have thus been discharged since the last decennial reversion, and distributed amongst the families and representatives of deceased members.

The INCOME exceeds £200,000 per annum.
The CAPITAL on the 31st of December, 1887, £6,800,000.

A Weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from 11 to 1 o'clock, to receive Proposals for New Assurances; and a short Account of the Society may be had on application at the Office, where attendance is given daily from 10 to 4 o'clock.
ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

MECHI'S DRESSING-CASES AND TRAVELLING BAGS, 113, Regent-street, and 4, Leadenhall-street, London.

Browne, Vase, Pearl and Ivory Work, Medallion Manufactures, Dressing Bags and Dressing Cases, Toilet Cases, Work Boxes and Work Tables, Inkstands, Fans; the largest stock in England of Taylor-méché Elegancies, Writing-desks, Envelope Cases, Despatch Boxes, Bagatelle, Backgammon, and Chess Tables. The premises in Regent-street extend fifty yards into Glasshouse-street, and are worthy of inspection as specimens of elegant utility. Everything for the Work and Dressing Tables; best Tooth-brushes, 6d. each; best Steel Scissors and Penknives, 1s. each; the usual supply of first-rate Cutlery, Razors, Razor-strops, Needles, &c., for which Mr. MECHE'S Establishments have been so long famed.

UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, No. 8, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

The Funds or Property of the Company as at 31st December, 1886, amounted to £593,930 8s. 9d., invested in Government or other approved securities.

Annual Income, upwards of £136,000.

The HON. FRANCIS SCOTT, M.P., Chairman.
CHARLES BERWICK CURTIS, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

INVALID LIVES.—Persons not in sound health may have their lives insured at equitable rates.

ACCOMMODATION IN LOAN TRANSACTIONS.—Only one-half of the Annual Premium, when the Insurance is for life, is required to be paid for the first five years, simple interest being charged on the balance. Such arrangement is equivalent to an IMMEDIATE ADVANCE OF 50 PER CENT. UPON THE ANNUAL PREMIUM, without the borrower having recourse to the unpleasant necessity of procuring Sureties, or assigning and thereby parting with his Policy, during the currency of the Loan, irrespective of the great attendant expenses in such arrangements.

The above mode of Insurance has been found most advantageous when Policies have been required to cover monetary transactions, or when incomes are applicable for Insurance are in present limited, as it only necessitates half the outlay formerly required by other Companies before the present system was instituted by this Office.

LOANS are granted likewise on real and personal Securities.

ADVANTAGE OF INSURING BEFORE 31st DECEMBER, 1888.—Policies effected before this date will participate to a greater extent than if delayed after that period.

Forms of Proposals and every information afforded on application to the resident Director,
8, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

By order, E. LENNOX BOYD, Resident Director.

OSLERS' TABLE GLASS, CHANDELIER, LUSTRES, &c.

Established 1807. Richly cut and engraved Decanters in great variety. Wine Glasses, Water Jugs, Goblets, and all kinds of Table Glass at exceedingly moderate prices. Crystal Glass Chandeliers, of new and elegant designs, for Sale from 4s. upwards. A large stock of Foreign Ornamental Glass always on view. Export and Furnishing orders executed with despatch.

MESSRS. NICOLL'S ESTABLISHMENT

MENTS are thus divided:—No. 114, REGENT-STREET is their Depot for Paleots, Uniforms, Gentlemen's Evening and Morning Dress, &c. No. 115, the manufacture of the Guinea Trousers. No. 116, for Half-Guinea Waistcoats. No. 120, for Waterproofed Guinea Coats, Servants' Liveries. No. 142 is their new Establishment for Ladies' Riding Habits and Mantles; and No. 144 contains their new Department for clothing young gentlemen with the taste, excellence, and economy whereby Messrs. NICOLL have secured wide-spread confidence. The Wholesale Warehouses are at the rear of the Regent-street premises, viz. 30, 31, and 41, WARWICK-STREET. The City Depot is at 31 and 32, CORNHILL, and the addresses of the various Agents are duly advertised in the journals of the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

SPECTACLES.—SIGHT AND HEARING.—DEAFNESS.

A newly-invented Instrument for extreme cases of Deafness, called the "SOLLOMUS" Organic Vibrator, and Invisible Voice Conductor. It fits so into the ear as not to be in the least perceptible; the unpleasant sensation of ringing in the head is at once relieved. It affords instant relief to the deafest persons, and enables them to hear distinctly at church and at public assemblies. Messrs. SOLOMONS have invented spectacles lenses of the greatest transparent power. The valuable advantage derived from this invention is that vision becomes preserved and strengthened; very aged persons are enabled to employ their sight at the most minute occupation, can see with these lenses for nine to twelve months, and need not require the frequent changes to the dangerous effects of further powerful assistance.—36, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, opposite the York Hotel.

HANDSOME BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS.—HEAL & SON'S Show Rooms contain a large assortment of Brass Bedsteads, suitable both for Home use and for Tropical Climates; handsome Iron Bedsteads with Brass Mountings and elegantly japanned; Plain Iron Bedsteads for Servants; every description of Wood Bedstead that is manufactured, in Mahogany, Elm, Teak, and other fine woods; and japanned, all fitted with Bedding and Furniture complete, as well as every description of Bedroom Furniture.

HEAL & SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing Designs and Prices of 100 Bedsteads, as well as of 180 different articles of Bedroom Furniture, sent free by post.

HEAL & SON, Bedstead, Bedding and Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, 196, Tottenham Court-road, W.

PRIZE MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1855.

METCALFE, BINGLEY & CO.'S New Pattern and Penetrating Tooth Brushes, Penetrating unbaked Hair Brushes, Improved Flesh and Cloth Brushes, and genuine Smyrna Sponges; and every description of Brush, Comb, and Toiletries. The Tooth Brushes search thoroughly between the divisions of the Teeth and clean them most effectually.—the hairs never come loose. M. & B. Co. are sole makers of the Oxtail and Campher, and Orris Root Soaps, sold in tins (bearing their names and address) at 6d. each; of Metcalfe's celebrated Alkaline Tooth Powder, 3s. per box; and of the New Bouquet-Scent Establishment, 130a and 131, Oxford-street, and 3rd and 4th floors West from Holles-street, London.

"FRIGI DOMO."—Patronized by Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke of Northumberland for Syon House, His Grace the Duke of Devonshire for Chiswick Gardens, Professor Lindley for the Horticultural Society, Sir Joseph Paxton for the Crystal Palace, Royal Zoological Society, late Mr. Lawrence, of Ealing Park, &c. Collier, Esq., of Darnley.

"FRIGI DOMO," a Canvas made of patent prepared Hair and Wool, a perfect non-conductor of Heat and Cold, keeping, wherever it is applied, a fixed temperature. It is adapted for all horticultural and agricultural purposes, for greenhouses, flower-beds, from the scorching rays of the sun, from wind, from attacks of insects, and from morning frosts. To be had in any required length, two yards wide, at 1s. 6d. per yard run, of ELISIA THOMAS ARCHER, wholesale and retail manufacturer, 7, Trinity-lane, Cannon-street, City, and of all Nurserymen and Seedsmen throughout the kingdom. "It is much cheaper than mats as a covering."

Printed by Sir Watkin W. Wynne's Gardener.
"I have just laid out about 14,000 plants, and keep the greater part under your 'Frigi Domo,' and have done so for the last three or four years; and every one who sees my plants is astonished to see how healthy and well they are without the use of glass." These observations accompanied an additional order.—Oct. 25, 1886.

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MESSEURS. J. & R. M'CRACKEN, FORMER

AGENTS, and AGENTS to the ROYAL ACADEMY, 7, Old Bond-street, London, W. They continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Brandy, &c. from all parts of the Continent, for clearing through the Customs House, &c.; and that they undertake the shipment of effects to all parts of the world. Lists of their Correspondents are sent, and every information, may be had on application at their Office, above. Also, in Paris, of M. M. CHASSER, 24, Rue Croix de la Vieille, established upwards of fifty years, Dealer and Custom-House Agent to the French Court and to the Musée Royal.

BENSON'S WATCHES.—"Excellence of design and perfection of workmanship."—Morning Chronicle.

"The qualities of his manufacture stand second to none."—Morning Advertiser.

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